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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1873.

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Vol. XXXII.—No. 33.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1894.



AN AWFUL ENCOUNTER—AL KENNEDY, AN INDIANAPOLIS DRUMMER, CONFRONTED BY HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW IN THE NIGHT.

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest National Weekly, Established 1848
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
 Office: 2, 4 & 6 Beads Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING
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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canadas, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

P. S. C., Bellaire, O.—Will be attended to in our next.
 HUNTER & Co., Hinsdale; N. H.—Postal received; thanks.

H. C. N., Communication received, thanks for the effort made in our behalf.

NIWAC, Louisville, Ky.—Again too late for current issue; arrived just as we were going to press, but will use it in our next.

GACHUPIN, Austin, Tex.—Letter received; think it advisable to do as you say. Will be pleased to hear from you when occasion offers.

H. A. W. Tabor, Leadville, Col.—Photo received too late for the current issue but will be published with the sketch in our next. Thanks for both.

K. M. CONNINGHAM, Mobile, Ala.—Will willingly publish the article in our next. It arrived just as we were going to press and could not be used in the current issue.

G. F. H., Fayetteville, Ga.—If the mystery is still unsolved it can scarcely be said to be stale yet, particularly if any further developments may offer as an occasion for the revival of the whole story. Other matter will probably appear in our next.

W. M. H., Mahomet, Ill.—Thanks for photo and sketch which appear in this, the first issue of our new form. They were exceedingly good and timely. Should like to hear further in regard to the affair and the parties. Photo will be returned promptly.

G. W. S., Kansas City, Mo.—Sketches came too late to be used as we already had another account with illustration; attention appreciated, however. Thanks for the portraits which will be used next week. Please notify your news dealers so that they may order extra copies.

L. L. R., Atlanta, Ga.—Very glad to hear that our enlargement meets with the approval of our friends in your city and the South generally. Shall pay particular attention to events in the South, and shall have a large corps of able correspondents in every part of that section.

W. E. A., Waynesville, Ohio.—We will pay for fresh and interesting items from any section, if used. Frequently we have two or more accounts of the same event, when, of course, we use the best or the one first at hand. Article since received, but too late; will appear next week.

J. S. WALTERS, Keokuk, Iowa.—Your interrogatory, which has been repeated from numerous quarters during the week, as to the time of our appearance in our new dress is fully answered by the current issue in the improved form, which we are confident will meet with the approval of our readers without exception.

T. C. C., Rochester, Mich.—Your perception was not at fault. The editorial column of the Rochester Sun of the date in question was, as you say, composed of our two editorials, entitled "A Bigger Man Than Beecher" and "The Scandal Duet" dexterously welded into one. The compliment would have been more graceful if the credit had been given where it belonged, to the GAZETTE, instead of awarding it, inferentially at least, to another journal.

SALUTATORY.

In its new and improved form, the GAZETTE this week makes its bow to old friends and new. That it may continue to maintain the favor of the former and that it may largely add to the list of the latter is its sincere hope. That the innovation may deserve this consideration and meet with the approval and patronage of the reading public generally, we rely upon continued and untiring efforts to please.

All that energy and journalistic experience and ability can do to promote this end will be invoked without regard to cost and labor, with a determination to place the GAZETTE ahead of all competition as a live, illustrated journal of the sensational and striking occurrences of the day.

In this respect it is in place to state that it is our intention to make the GAZETTE, as its name implies a national journal, in that it will record and illustrate not merely local or sectional events, but will embrace all that is worthy of a place in its columns in every section of the Union, a special feature in which, hitherto, it has been only followed and never reached by any of its contemporaries.

With its numerous, able and trustworthy correspondents in all parts of the country and a full corps of artists of first-class talent, its readers may always rely upon the authenticity of its

reports of events and the accuracy of its illustrations and portraits. The artistic part of the work will speak for itself. With these inaugural remarks we confidently submit our new venture to the verdict of the public.

THE SPECTER OF COMMUNISM.

The uneasy ghost of Communism is again stalking on its spectral rounds throughout the land. True, its appearances have thus far been fitful and far apart, and its materialization not the most distinct. Still the shadow has possessed substance enough to cause considerable uneasiness in such quarters as it has manifested itself.

In our own city a feeling quite reasonably exists that this is the point where, if there is danger in it at all, its malign presence is most to be apprehended. Here collect the worst elements of our native and foreign populations, as naturally as the mud and slime of a river accumulate at a bend in its course. The evil tendencies of the worst classes of the native born are exaggerated by contact with the most depraved and reckless of the more dangerous classes of older countries. Within the past few years there has been engrafted upon this class of population, what to this country is a new element by the arrival from across the water of large numbers of individuals imbued with the spirit of Communism, and by the effects of their pernicious teachings upon their fellow countrymen, who have preceded them to this country as well as upon the native born. What the nature of this spirit is and what the extent to which it pervades the country, was manifested in the terrible labor riots of last Summer. True, it was not distinctly a Communist movement, but that it was principally the outgrowth of similar sentiments, largely due to Communist teachings and influence no one conversant with the matter can fail to be convinced. The communists, themselves, for we can no longer ignore the fact of their presence as a distinct organization with a definite aim, gleefully claim it as such, and boastfully proclaim that it was but a feeble manifestation of a power to be exhibited in four-fold strength at no very distant day.

Among our records of crime in the present issue will be found the full details of a most atrocious and cold blooded murder which has excited and is exciting, from the peculiar circumstances surrounding it, the citizens of Chicago. The murderer, Luigi Simoni, an Italian, is an avowed Communist and a fit exponent of its most detestable principles. He was a firm believer in the vital principle of its creed, namely, that "all property is robbery," and had a practical faith in the dependent principle, understood if not expressed, "if any man prevents you from taking his property, kill him."

In exhibiting in works his faith in this cheerful creed he brutally murdered a man, not one saturated with the crime of property-owning, be it understood, but one of the working classes, of which the Commune claims to be the exponent and champion, for doing his duty in standing between the property of his employers and this practical Communist. In other words, the latter was engaged in an act which he and his fellows of the Commune would probably dignify by the name of a "division of property" or an effort to ameliorate the crime of its possession, but which the law regards merely as robbery. His victim, as in duty bound by the requirements of the position by which he provided honestly—won bread for himself and family, endeavored to resist the realization of the dreams of the Commune as far as regards this individual instance, and all that remained for Simoni was to put in force the stern logic, the conclusion of the syllogism, upon the fanatical supporter of law and order who had failed to perceive the palpable reasonableness of the primary propositions of the fraternity. He killed him and Chicago is intensely excited over the practical illustration of these self-evident Communist truths. The journals make it the text for vigorous and alarming editorials, the citizens excitedly discuss it and there is a prospect that the result may be such energetic action as will not be particularly encouraging to the present prospects of the Commune.

A Police Captain Shot by a Patrolman.

On Sunday Patrolman Heffernan of the Brooklyn police force walked up to the railing in the First precinct station house and standing within four feet of Captain Joel Smith, in command of that precinct, exclaimed: "This is a nice job you have put up on me." The Captain dodged just as Heffernan fired deliberately at him, the bullet taking effect in his neck. In an instant the would-be assassin fired a second shot, but Officer Riley seized his arm and threw it upward. The desperate man was at once disarmed by Officers Riley, Simonson and Quinn, and removed to a cell on the ground tier in the rear of the office.

As the cell door closed on Heffernan he said, "Now you can hang me!" The bullet in the Captain's body was found by Dr. Mordough, the ambulance surgeon, to have entered the neck, a little below the ear on the left side. The wound, though serious, is not believed to be fatal.

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

The Awful Encounter of an Indianapolis Drummer with his Wife and Mother-in-Law Behind the Scenes of a Chicago Theatre in the Company of his Burlesque Charmer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the splendid illustration on our first page our artist has told so intelligible a story that, barring localities, names and dates, the following narrative of facts, from our special correspondent, which it is designed to portray might almost be dispensed with.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—In the quiet little town of Indianapolis, chiefly known beyond its limits for being the designated seat of government of the Commonwealth of Indiana, dwells, or did dwell a family of the name of Kennedy. The head of the house—no, he wasn't that—that was his mother-in-law—the man of the house was a gentlemanly-appearing rather good looking fellow of about thirty-five, of rather "gay" proclivities, who acted in the capacity of traveling salesman for a firm that supposed itself to be carrying on a wholesale business in hats in the aforesaid town. His wife, to whom he had been married but about three years was a quiet, pretty, and save for the baneful effects of foreign influence, as affectionate and dutiful a help-meet as a man could reasonably ask. But oh, she was afflicted with a frightful encumbrance, which was a terrible impediment to domestic peace and harmony. That encumbrance, it is unnecessary to say, was her maternal relative, a most pronounced and awe-inspiring specimen of the genus mother-in-law.

Ensnared in the Kennedy household soon after its inauguration, on the specious plea of being absolutely necessary as company for her daughter, in view of the numerous absences of her lord on his business tours, she speedily made herself master of the situation, and held the unhappy Kennedy as a hostage for his own good behavior. And quite peculiar, too, were her views on the requirements of the case, as may be imagined.

Badgered and bullied at home, it was not strange, therefore, that Al Kennedy, with his natural tendencies towards being a little "off color" in regard to the seventh commandment, should finally come to look forward to his periodical departures on the trail of the casual victim in the hat line with a decided sense of relief, nor that departures from the path of strict marital fidelity were occasionally coincident with those from the society of his wife and her charming parent.

On one of his trips, a short time since, he visited a theatre in some town that lay in his meretricious track, where is not stated, nor does it matter, and beheld a performance of Mabel Santley's burlesque troupe of female minstrels, in one of their characteristic rich, rare and racy entertainments, to use the language of the show bills. It was an unfortunate visit for Al, though it probably never occurred to him until now. He came; he saw, in all her stage glory, the bewitching Genevieve Stanley—non professional name probably Jane Smith—and she conquered. It was an unmitigated case of "maah" on his part from the start. The sentiments of Genevieve in the matter have not yet been divulged, and probably won't be. The exact state of feeling of ladies of her class in such affairs are, proverbially, to be classed in the category of things beyond the ken of ordinary fellows.

Suffice it to say that the acquaintance begun that evening through the intervention of a mutual friend and a "little supper" at an adjacent restaurant was pursued with increasing fervor on Al's part and no apparent check—Al was no ways backward with the dollar of our daddies, or of any other man for the matter of that—on that of the fair Genevieve.

Meanwhile the burlesque troupe of female minstrels continued on its professional peregrinations and Al continued to bear sloop on the war-path the banner of the aesthetic hat. And it was astonishing how often the routes of the two professionals converged. His departures from home became more frequent and his absences more prolonged. Business was evidently picking up, and the early return of the era of good feeling and financial regeneration foreshadowed by this increased activity in the movements of trade's avant couriers as typified in the person of Mr. Kennedy of the hat line. Nevertheless there was rather a decided and increasing stringency in the financial system of the Kennedy household for which its aforesaid head called Mr. Kennedy to a severe account.

The very reasonable pleas urged by Mr. Kennedy in extenuation, which would otherwise have been entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Kennedy were dismissed by the mother-in-law as contemptibly illogical—in fact, too thin. She appointed herself a committee of investigation. What was developed by her investigations, which were conducted with the exhaustiveness and energy characteristic of her every act will appear in the following statement.

A short time since Miss Mabel Santley's justly celebrated burlesque troupe of female minstrels—bill-board language again—came in need an engagement at the New Chicago Theatre, promis-

ing our citizens such sweet things in the way of the intellectual drama as the "Female Forty Thieves," "Roving Jack," and others from the wealth of their repertoire. Simultaneously appeared in our city our friend Kennedy, tireless as ever in his pursuit of the casual hat customer.

Where his days were spent deponent saith not. At night he was more than reasonably certain to be found behind the scenes at the New Chicago Theatre or in or about the house.

A few nights after the appearance of the "justly celebrated," our friend Al. might have been seen in that mysterious region known as behind the scenes, with his arm affectionately thrown about the waist of the fair Genevieve, who, dressed in the most approved female minstrel nothingness, well calculated to display her shapely legs to advantage in the admiring gaze directed upon them from beyond the foot-lights, seemed nothing loth.

I say might have been seen. He *was* seen and that by a pair of wrathful females than whom, just at that moment, he would have rather faced a Royal Bengal tiger with an unimpaired appetite in his native jungles. For it was the forms of his wife and mother-in-law that sailed threateningly down upon him from the dark recesses of stage groves and moonlight landscapes. For a time the scene was more intensely thrilling even than that in progress on the boards. The wife of the unfortunate found full vent for her wily indignation in an unimpeded use of her tongue. But, alas, for the mother-in-law! She couldn't do justice to the occasion. All the wealth of eloquence, the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn, she had so tenderly stored up for the occasion, was lost to the world forever. She could only scathe the traitor with her scornful glances and feebly express her sentiments by frantically shaking her umbrella at him and firing at him a volley of inarticulate words and sentences.

Scenes at the Tombs.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Our artist has given, on another page, a graphic illustration of scenes at the New York City Prison, famous throughout the length and breadth of the land as the "Tombs," a name which both its character and the gloomy Egyptian style of its architecture render singularly appropriate, as must strike every observer. A correct picture of the gloomy old pile, the scene of so many memorable events, and associated with which is a volume of remarkable occurrences, is given in the illustration.

Another point is a spirited sketch of a Sunday morning hearing at the Tombs, the most striking in every respect of the week, and a rare occasion for the student of human nature. Our artist has sketched from the life, the scene and the attendants of these celebrated "Sunday matinees," as they are sometimes facetiously called. It will be recognized as a representative scene by any one familiar with them. The typical "bum" and his female prototype, to whom the position is one of the most ordinary in the routine of their dreary existence; the hardened harlot who is scarcely more abashed and her younger sister in shame, a novice as yet in the ways of sin, who is brought perhaps for the first time, to a full sense of the degradation of the career she has entered upon; the city swell whom some idiosyncrasy growing out of Saturday night jollity at the "Jardin Mabille, you know," has probably wafted into the unsavory surroundings at which he stares in speechless disgust—all these are types of humanity to be met with at the Tombs. The embarkation of the unfortunates in the historic "Black Maria" is another point of illustration, and appropriately, a portrait of an eminent and well-known member of the bar whose name has been associated with numerous notable Tombs cases, accompanies the picture.

Hon. John Morrissey, State Senator.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we give an accurate portrait of Hon. John Morrissey, State Senator, whose long anticipated death occurred at Saratoga, N. Y., on the evening of the 1st instant. Few public men of our day have arisen from beginnings so discouraging to a place so high in the general esteem of the community, or experienced such vicissitudes as the dead senator. His career, public and private, has been so thoroughly canvassed in the columns of the dailies throughout the country, that it is superfluous to attempt at this time what must necessarily be a limited abstract of what the public has already been made thoroughly familiar with.

In our next issue, however, we shall give a full page illustration of the leading and most striking scenes in the career of this remarkable man, so arranged as to present at once to the eye a more vivid portrayal of his eventful life and its lessons, than any mere history of it could convey.

At Joplin, Mo., 1st inst., Lee Goodwin, a prominent grocery merchant, shot and killed Wm. H. Humes, an engineer. Goodwin gave himself up. He had previously attempted the life of Goodwin. A woman at the bottom of it.

AND ANOTHER,

Which is From the Very Quiet and Moral Little Town of Oxford, Ohio, and of Course she is

PLUMP, PRETTY AND PIOUS

He Doesn't Pan Out Much on the First, But Then he is Awfully Pious and so Respectable.

BUT--THEY ALL DO IT.

OXFORD, O., May 1.—Some months ago it was rumored that a well-known young unmarried lady of this place, whose family connections were of a high social standing, was *en route*. This was only known to a few, and by them kept from becoming general. In fact, when the truth became known last Friday week that she had given birth to a fine, bouncing girl baby weighing twelve pounds, it fell like a thunderbolt upon the masses of the good villagers. The young lady upon whom this misfortune fell is one Mary E. Morris, a lady of twenty-five years of age, and the daughter of the late Mr. Morris, who died some five years ago, leaving a wife and six children, all of whom are living. No sooner had the fact become known that Miss Mary had given birth to an illegitimate child than people began to make inquiry as to who the father was. In this promiscuous casting about for the male parent a rumor was set afloat that Dr. Hill, a man of high respectability, of good report, a member and an officer in the Presbyterian Church, married, with a grown family, was the responsible party and the father of the child. No sooner had it reached his ears than he pronounced it a base falsehood, and, calling a meeting of the Session of the Church, demanded a full and public investigation. The Session was called, and he, being stated clerk of the same, refused to act as such, when another member was elected to fill his place. A committee was then appointed, consisting of Rev. Dr. Robert D. Morris, an uncle of the unfortunate girl, and Rev. F. M. Wood, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to visit the lady and ascertain who was the father of the child. Miss Mary Morris is also a member of the Presbyterian Church, but not what they call an active member—taking no part in the Sunday school work and but rarely attending church. The above committee, on Friday, April 17th, waited upon Miss Morris, and took with them Professor R. H. Bishop, a Notary Public, at which time she made the following affidavit, which exonerates Dr. Hill and charges the parentage of the child upon one R. A. Morten.

A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY:

"State of Ohio, County of Butler, ss: Before me, R. H. Bishop, a Notary Public in and for said county, personally came Mary E. Morris, of the village of Oxford, in said county and state, who, being by me duly sworn, depose and says that she is now pregnant, and that she became so in or about the third week in July last; that the father of the unborn child is R. A. Morten, jun., of said village of Oxford, and that neither previous to nor since the time mentioned above has she had sexual intercourse with any man, except the said R. A. Morten jun., and further this deponent saith not.

"MARY E. MORRIS."

"Witness: F. M. Woodward and R. D. Morris."
"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of April, A. D. 1878. R. H. BISHOP."
"[Seal.] Notary Public for Butler County, Ohio."

This affidavit was presented to a meeting of the Session as exonerating Dr. Hill from the charges and rumors connecting his name with being the father of the child.

Morten, jun., the young man whom the parentage of the child has been sworn by Miss Morris, is the son of R. A. Morten, a farmer living just on the outskirts of the village and is only twenty years of age. He is emphatic in his denial of being its father. He says he has often called upon Miss Mary's sister, but not upon her. That some two weeks before the birth of the child a friend came to him and told him of the condition of Miss Mary, and as he had been calling at the house, there were rumors afloat that he was the father. He says that on the same day he called at her house, when she met him at the door; that they went into the house where he told her what had been said, and wanted to know if it was true she was reporting him to be the father; that she said, "No; your name will be the last mentioned in this affair." He said that he then went away, thinking it was all right. As soon as the affidavit was made laying the charge to him, Revs. Morris and Wood called upon R. A. Morten, sen., and informed him of the fact. Mr. Morten went out to where his son was working and told him of the affidavit, when the son assured him that he was not guilty, and Morten, sen., returned and informed the gentlemen that he believed his son innocent, and would

FIGHT IT OUT TO THE BITTER END.

The son then went before a Notary Public, and made the following counter affidavit, which, together with a statement from his father will be laid before the meeting of the session tomorrow.

"State of Ohio, Butler county, ss:

"Before me, R. H. Bishop, a Notary Public in and for said county and state, personally came R. A. Morten, jun., aged twenty years, who made solemn oath that he had been credibly informed that one Mary Morris had made affidavit charging him, the said R. A. Morten, jun., with being the father of her unborn child; and this affiant further testifies that he is not the father of said Mary Morris' unborn child nor any other child, born or unborn; and, further, that he never at any time or place had sexual intercourse with the said Mary Morris. R. A. MORTEN, JUN."

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of April, A. D. 1878. R. H. BISHOP."

"Notary Public Butler county."

The father of young Morten is deeply impressed with the truth of his son's assertion of his innocence, and proposes to see him through, as he calls it. He is a well-preserved man of seventy-eight years of age, and is highly respected by all who know him. He was formerly a resident of Carthage, of which village he was at one time mayor. The following is his statement submitted in writing to the session.

"I knew nothing about the Dr. Hill slander until I was visited by Rev. Dr. Robert Morris and Rev. Mr. Wood, Wednesday afternoon, April 17, 1878, who gave me the astounding information that Miss Morris had made solemn oath in which she charges my son, R. A. Morten, jun., with being the father of her unborn child, and that she further states under oath that said unborn child was begotten at the house of Mrs. Ray in July last, while Mrs. Ray was at Connersville. The said Mary Morris was keeping house and taking care of her (Mrs. Ray's) children during her absence. And Mr. Wood further stated that Dr. Hill was charged with it, and that he (Dr. Hill) would not go himself, but got Mr. Fargerson, Miss Morris' grandfather, to get her affidavit to

CLEAR HIM OF THIS CHARGE.

Miss Ray says that she was not away from home in July, but in September she went to Connersville, Ind., to a county fair at said place.

"R. A. MORTEN."

Mr. Morten, sen., says that, if necessary, the above statement can be proven by members of their own church.

A call was made upon a near relative of the unfortunate lady, who was loath to talk about the matter. He said the young lady's mother was suffering most keenly from her daughter's disgrace, and that he was afraid her health and mind were affected beyond recovery; that they were in needy circumstances, and that since the death of her husband he had been supporting them; that whoever the guilty party was he should have manliness enough about him to come forward and offer them some assistance in this great trial. To the question as to whether any lawsuits would grow out of the affair, he said no, he thought there would not, as he should oppose anything of the kind. The affair is the topic of conversation in the village, and, of course, both sides have ardent friends and defenders, and a few there are who deeply sympathize with the unfortunate girl, while all do so for the stricken mother of the erring woman, whose downfall may bring her mother to an early death. There are all kinds of stories afloat of how certain parties had been followed after night and seen entering the lady's house, and that said parties were married men, etc., but how much truth there may be in them one cannot tell. It is expected the church investigation, if not a sham, gotten up to whitewash some one, will prove or disprove the many and damaging stories connecting a certain party's name with the scandal.

In conversation with Miss Morris' relative, a gentleman, he said that young Morten visited Miss Mary about two weeks before her confinement and told her that he would not desert her, but see her safely through her trouble, and told her she should not want for anything.

Stoned to Death.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 30.—A brutal assault was perpetrated this evening at Dunmore borough, on the outskirts of this city, which will end in murder. A brave miner, named John Paul, while saving an old man from a desperado, was set upon by a gang of Ruffians and stoned nearly to death in the open street. The murderers were John Costello, Thomas McHugh and Peddler Langan, who were infuriated with drink. A large crowd of men witnessed the shocking deed, but were awe-stricken and did not interfere, lest they should suffer a similar fate. Costello, who is the terror of the town, was bearing an old bar-keeper at Depny's Hotel named Layton, when Paul, who was passing by, came to the rescue. The old man escaped, but Paul's skull was battered in with stones, and at the latest accounts he was in convulsions. The doctor says his case is hopeless. The murderers escaped.

A LOVER'S DESPAIR.

The Recklessness Induced By the Rejection of his Suit Leads him into the Commission of his First Crime and Blasts his Future.

When Recorder Hackett sentenced Samuel L. Mendes to four years' hard labor in the State Prison a few days ago, a wild shriek from the unfortunate young fellow rang through the court-room and moved every one present to sympathy. When the Recorder, without knowing the young man's antecedents, volunteered from the bench the opinion, saying: "I think he is a bad man," a pang went through the heart of a young and beautiful woman, who had closely watched the progress of the trial, without being noticed. Then tottering from the court-room in a half fainting condition, she muttered, "He is not bad, he is not bad." Neither is Samuel L. Mendes, now a convict at Sing Sing, bad in accordance with the teachings of Horace, that "one bad act does not make a man a bad man." He was the victim of circumstances, such as no other city than this city of New York offers to young men who permit their hearts to run away with their heads. Born and bred amidst the tropical climate of Jamaica, in the West Indies, surrounded with all the ardent and sensuous influences so common to these islands, Samuel L. Mendes came to this country, not many years ago, when still a young and inexperienced man. Struggling along with the aid of a quite ordinary education, he, like many others of his race, nevertheless soon required a competency. The common channels of trade did not require any scholastic attainments, and, as clerk first, and bookkeeper next, he not only gained the confidence of his employers, but soon amassed enough money to open a grocery store for himself in one of our leading avenues.

Fortune smiled upon him more and more, and enabled him to increase his expenditures. His friends even held him up as an example of success to others.

LESS FORTUNATE THAN HIMSELF.

The attractions of this great city led him readily into a more extravagant mode of life, and from one of the humble apartment houses in the lower part of the city he soon moved to a fashionable boarding house up-town. His ready manners, his outspoken frankness, his plethoric purse gained for him the good will of the inmates and the friendship of many boarders. Among these also was a fascinating brunette of not more than five and twenty summers. Introductions, of course, are always to be found as easily in a New York boarding house as bed-bugs are met with there in midsummer, and young Mendes was not long in obtaining introductions to the best people in the house. The fascinating brunette, however, soon overtopped all others in Mendes' estimation, and his admiration of the lady ripened into deep-seated love. Love in a boarding house, however, is not always mutual. The women there frequently leave an impression upon the unwary male boarder that his attachment is reciprocated, and often, alas! too often, the young man finds when too late that he has only been made the victim of what ladies so naively call "harmless flirtation."

As the time passed along and Mendes became more and more imbued with love and enthusiasm for the young and talented lady, whose friendship also grew apace, he soon conceived the idea of making her his wife. It does not appear that she encouraged any such notions on the part of the ardent young man, neither does the record of events show that she at first resolutely checked his innocent attentions, when time had not yet firmly planted her visage on his mind. Headlong he rushed himself into the vortex of that most dangerous of all passions called love, and soon his business, his friends, his cards, his club, had no further attraction for him. His whole soul was wrapped in the beauty that was

HIS SINGLE AIM AND THOUGHT.

His business was neglected and soon went to the dogs. The store he had was sold to another party and the money he received therefor was soon squandered.

It was during one of the dark nights of last Christmas week that a policeman, quietly plodding along his beat in one of the fashionable avenues, was suddenly accosted by a wild-looking young man of medium height. "Arrest me, officer, and take the pistol from me; I'm sure to kill somebody."

The policeman first thought the young man was drunk, but with a better knowledge of human nature than lawyers at the bar and judge on the bench, soon saw that the poor fellow was demented. He took him to the nearest station house, whence he was released the next morning, no one being in court to make a charge against him. This young man was Samuel L. Mendes. He, at least during that night, had become a raving maniac.

Those who know the history of the early hours of that evening say that after the boarding house dinner hour, he having been seated at the same table with the object of his love, induced the lady to grant him a few minutes' private conversation. It was there and then that he laid his life at her feet offered all that a young man

of ardent hopes and desires possessed, and asked her to become his wife. As a matter of course the lady revolted at the very idea, and she indignantly refused to listen to him a moment longer. She never had encouraged him to think that she at all reciprocated and other feelings but those of pleasant acquaintanceship, and with the hauteur peculiar to her sex expressed her utter astonishment that he had labored any other than such feelings toward her. Nothing daunted he threw himself on his knees and begged her for Heaven's sake to accept him as her protector. Moved by the frantic scene, the lady became affected; but, like a true woman, self-possession soon reasserted itself, and she begged him to desist and depart. Seeing that all hope was lost to win her by peaceful means, Mendes pulled out a pistol and threatened to commit suicide there and then. At the sight of the weapon the lady, paralyzed almost with fear, rushed to the door of her suite of apartments and

CALLED FOR HELP.

The situation at once changed, and, without waiting for help to arrive, Mendes hastily walked into the street, pistol in hand, and gave himself up to the policemen, as stated above.

Upon returning to his boarding house and its attendant scenes, his seat at the dinner table was shifted to another part of the room. Coolness between the twain naturally took the place of what heretofore had been a very pleasant, social friendship; but the flames of passionate love were still burning fiercely in Mendes' breast. Those of his friends who at the time met him in the streets, in the cars, in the house, all pronounced him if not absolutely crazy, then at least of an unsound, wandering mind.

It was during these days of misery, when abandoned by the one he so devotedly loved, deprived of the means which he had so recklessly squandered, that he wrote the blackmailing letter which has sent him a convict to the state prison. But woman's heart, frail as it is frequently, has also noble traits, revealing the humanity that lies within. The lady upon whom Mendes had concentrated his entire thoughts was one of those noble specimens of womankind, who never forget their great mission upon this world to soothe the afflicted and to console the miserable.

It was but natural that the fearful ordeal through which Mendes had to pass, owing to the crime he had committed, should awaken deep interest in the mind of a lady whom chance had thrown in his path. It would have been inhuman to have lent a deaf ear to the reports that the newspapers gave repeatedly about the progress of his trial, for, after all, demented and foolish as he had been, he had never proved himself to her anything but an excited young man. In his hours of deep and cruel adversity, therefore, she did not entirely forsake him. Many a meal enjoyed by Mendes, while in the Tombs, was not composed of common prison fare. Hardly a day passed but some delicacy was given him by the keepers, left for him by unknown hands. The poor young man, however, well knew whose hands they were, though he was not permitted to see the face of his benefactress. Up to the very last day before he was sent to Sing Sing, she continued to him those delicate attentions, for she did not agree with Recorder Hackett, that "the prisoner was such a bad man."

Love and Blackmail.

A suit was recently commenced in the Supreme Court by Abraham Spero, the clothier, of 390 Bowery, this city, against John Gitsky for the recovery of \$25,000 for *crim. con.* In his complaint Mr. Spero charges that Gitsky was, until recently, a clerk in his employ, and as such was thrown in contact with his wife. During August, 1877, he avers, Gitsky took her away "for the purpose of depriving him of comfort, society and assistance, and brought her to a house of assignation." Spero makes other allegations of a similar character covering the period between August and February last.

Apart from these general allegations of guilt, he says that Gitsky threatened her with exposure unless she paid him liberally to keep quiet, and in support of these charges puts into his affidavit the following, which he says is a copy of a letter written by her to Gitsky:

DEAR JOHNNY—Don't be angry with me if I can't give you as much as I always do. I shall have money for you hereafter every week regularly. The old man has taken off some of my money, and that is the reason.

On this statement of facts Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court, Chambers, granted an order of arrest against Gitsky, and he was sent to Ludlow Street Jail in default of \$3,000 bail. On Tuesday his counsel, Mr. Herman Steifel, applied to Judge Donohue for an order to the plaintiff to show cause why the arrest should not be vacated, on the ground that the affidavits on which it was granted do not sufficiently state the source of the plaintiff's knowledge. Judge Donohue granted the order, which is returnable May 2.

Elias Cooms, a married man living at Darling-ton, Ind., returned from his work and found a stranger in suspicious proximity to his wife. He went away, drank freely of whisky, and returned. His wife was above and a fracas ensued, when she stabbed him, probably fatally, in the abdomen with a butcher knife.

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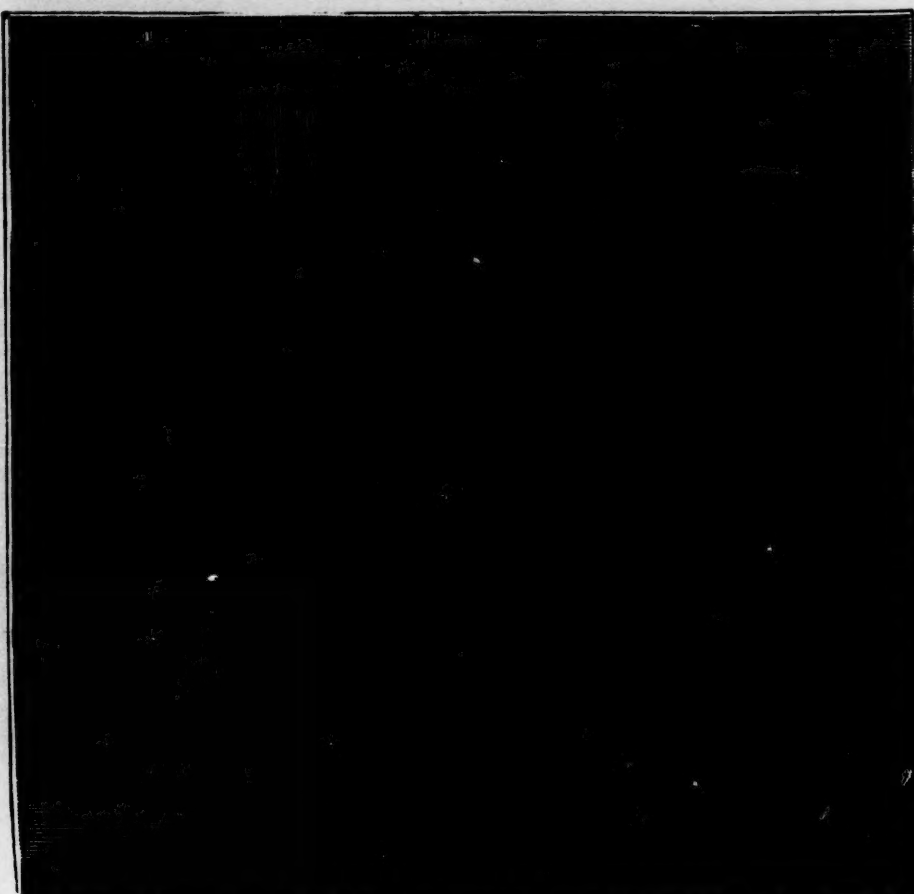
LOVE, JEALOUSY AND MURDER.

Frightful Scene on a Second Avenue Street Car--An Injured Husband Hacks his Wife's Seducer to Death in the Presence of a Number of Ladies.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Jealousy led to the perpetration of a terrible crime in this city shortly before noon on Wednesday, 1st inst. Jos. Wagner, aged twenty-nine years, a spring-maker, residing at 91 Clinton street, some weeks ago had reason to suspect that Charles Norris, aged twenty-six years, a bar-keeper, residing at 240 East Twenty-second street, was very intimate with his wife Alice, aged twenty-seven years. About a month ago Wagner met Norris and upbraided him for his conduct, but the latter denied his guilt. Wagner told him that the evidence by him clearly established his intimacy with his wife, and openly threatened that he would kill him the first time he found him in her company. Wednesday morning Wagner saw Norris on Second avenue walking and talking with his wife. At the corner of Ninth street the gay young man hailed a Second avenue car, and when it stopped was about to enter it with Mrs. Wagner, when her jealous husband sprang from his place of concealment, and while Norris was stepping on the platform he rushed at him and plunged a knife twice into the back of his unsuspecting victim.

Fatally wounded, Norris fell from the car into the arms of his assailant, who no sooner caught hold of him than he drew the bloody blade across the dying man's throat, and the fourth wound



DR. ARNOTT MURDERED BY HIS UNSUCCESSFUL RIVAL, MOOREVILLE, MISS.

he had better stop visiting her or else there would be trouble. He did not call after that, but I found out that my wife used to see him outside. On Friday last I learned that Louisa (my wife) was going to elope with him and take my two children with her. I, however, frustrated her design, and knowing that what I heard of her conduct was true I became miserable, and since then I have not had a moment's peace.

"Wednesday morning I left the house as usual for my work, but I did not go. I planted myself where I could safely watch my house. Shortly before ten o'clock I saw my wife leave the house gaudily attired. I followed her and saw her turn into Second avenue, where she met Norris. I secreted myself where I could watch their movements unobserved. A car came along and Norris stopped it, and putting my wife aboard was about to enter it. I could not stand it any longer. My blood began to boil; I took my knife from my pocket and rushed at him with it. I cut him several times. I don't know how many. Now, I am arrested and will submit to my sentence."

After telling the above story of his wrongs the prisoner was taken to a cell and locked up. A telegram was received at the coroner's office some time later, from Bellevue Hospital, requesting Coroner Woltman to call at that institution and take Norris' dying statement.

The prisoner was taken to the hospital to be identified by his victim.

When the ambulance in which Norris was reached Bellevue Hospital the patient was hurriedly carried into Surgical Ward No. 1, where he was laid on a cot. Coroner Woltman arrived soon after and took the dying man's statement, which is as follows:



A STREET CAR TRAGEDY--JOSEPH WAGNER'S SHOCKING MURDER OF CHARLES NORRIS, THE ALLEGED SEDUCER OF HIS WIFE, NEW YORK CITY.

SEVERED THE FLESH FROM HIS FACE.

For some moments the greatest excitement prevailed. The police in the car who witnessed the murderous assault were horrified and unable to do anything. Several ladies who were in the car fainted when they saw the blood flowing in streams from Norris' wounds. The injured man fell to the pavement, and over his prostrate form stood Wagner, who held the blood-stained knife firmly in his hand.

Information of the tragedy quickly reached the Seventeenth precinct station house, and Sergeant Welsing, who was at the desk, immediately sent Officer Kiernan to arrest the assassin. By the time the officer got to the scene of the affray Norris had been carried into a neighboring drug store; but but the murderer was found standing as if rooted to the spot where his victim had fallen. Kiernan arrested him and Wagner handed him the knife, saying, "Now I am sorry for what I have done; but I will quietly take the consequences, no matter what they may be." An ambulance which had in the meantime been telegraphed for arrived and carried Norris to Bellevue Hospital, where the physicians who had been summoned were of the opinion that the wounds would prove fatal, as it is thought that the wounds in the back penetrate the lungs.

Wagner was taken to the Fifth street station, as was also his wife. When questioned by Sergeant Welsing as to the reason why he committed the bloody deed he told the following story: "Nine weeks ago I had reason to suspect that

MY WIFE WAS UNFAITHFUL TO ME, and I determined to watch her. I learned that an unmarried man named Norris was in the habit of calling upon her while I was absent. I met him about a month ago and told him that



ALFRED POWELL MURDERS WILLIAM H. GRAVES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"At ten o'clock Wednesday morning I was getting on a Second avenue car at Ninth street; I had an appointment with Mrs. Wagner, whom I had met at the corner of Eighth street and Second avenue. I met her, and as I was getting on the car a man stabbed me in the back, face and neck. I saw that my assailant was Wagner. I have known Mrs. Wagner for some time; I went with her to the Central Park last Monday; I am employed as a bartender at 206 Church street, where Mrs. Wagner was employed as a dish washer. Last Tuesday her husband came to the place where I work and accused me of being too intimate with his wife. I intended to take her with me to the Central Park Wednesday. I positively identify the prisoner (who was then brought into the room) as the man who stabbed me."

The prisoner was committed to the Tombs to await the result of the injuries inflicted.

Mrs. Wagner was discharged from custody, and went home to take charge of her children.

The details of a horrible child murder, by prominent people of this county, have just come to light at Henderson, N. C. Thomas Meadows, a man of prominence, it seems, has been living in adultery with a woman of the county named Mary Cushing, who had several children by him. On yesterday morning the girl Cushing and Meadows became enraged at some act of one of the children, a girl of seven, and scourged it nearly to death, finishing their work by putting the child in a pile of shavings and setting fire to them, burning her to ashes, almost. The horrible deed has excited the most intense excitement in this section, where Meadows is well known and highly connected.

A Desperate Criminal's Attempt.

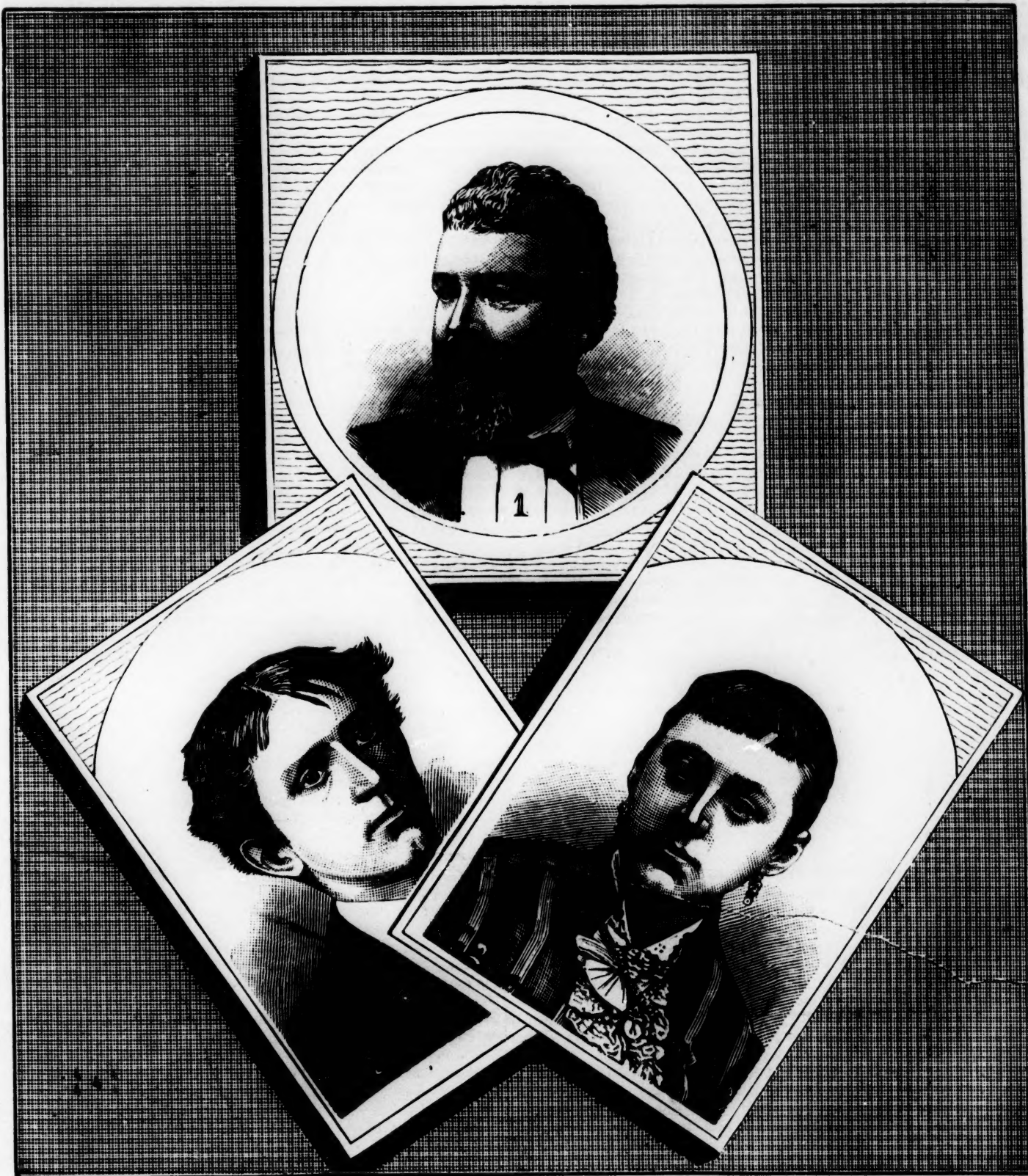
(Subject of Illustration.)

Joseph Ottenberg, a desperate criminal, who has heretofore been lucky in escaping from justice, and who is notorious as a thief, was safely put under lock and key in the Thirteenth Brooklyn precinct, on Monday morning, 29th ult. Ottenberg was concerned in several noted robberies, chiefly in that of Mr. William St. John, of 50 West Fifty-fifth street, in this city, on the 24th of December, 1877. Since the commission of the robbery Mr. William St. John has devoted himself with considerable energy to the recovery of his property and the punishment of the thieves. Early in January he received information that the brother of one of the servants in his mother's employ, a girl who had been engaged partly on the strength of her good looks and partly on account of a recommendation from a Sixth avenue intelligence office was Ottenberg, alias Osborn, one of the most dangerous burglars in the country. He also discovered that the girl had been discharged from a former place for theft and on suspicion of theft. Mr. St. John secured the services of Detective Adams, and on Saturday, 27th ult., they arrested Ottenberg in the saloon of a New Orleans steamer. The prisoner was taken to police headquarters and searched. While he was undergoing this operation he by a quick movement drew a revolver carrying a very heavy bullet, cocked it and levelled it at the head of Mr. St. John, who had just turned aside to get

a drink of water. Before he could fire, however, Detective Adams by a quick movement tripped and threw him to the floor and held him until

he was disarmed. As he fell Ottenberg wrenched his ankle badly, and on Sunday he was very lame. The prisoner, after being searched,

I shall do all in my power to do so. Any person who will attempt to earn his living by selling such things is unworthy of sympathy."



1—HON. JOHN MORRISSEY, STATE SENATOR. 2—MISS MOLLIE L. WININGER, MURDERED AT NORFOLK, VA., BY HER REJECTED SUITOR. 3—BENJAMIN F. GODFREY, THE MURDERER, SENTENCED TO EIGHTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT.

was surrendered to Captain Riley, who took him to Brooklyn. Afterward he was taken before Judge Riley, where he boldly announced himself to be a thief by profession.

A Terrible Tragedy.

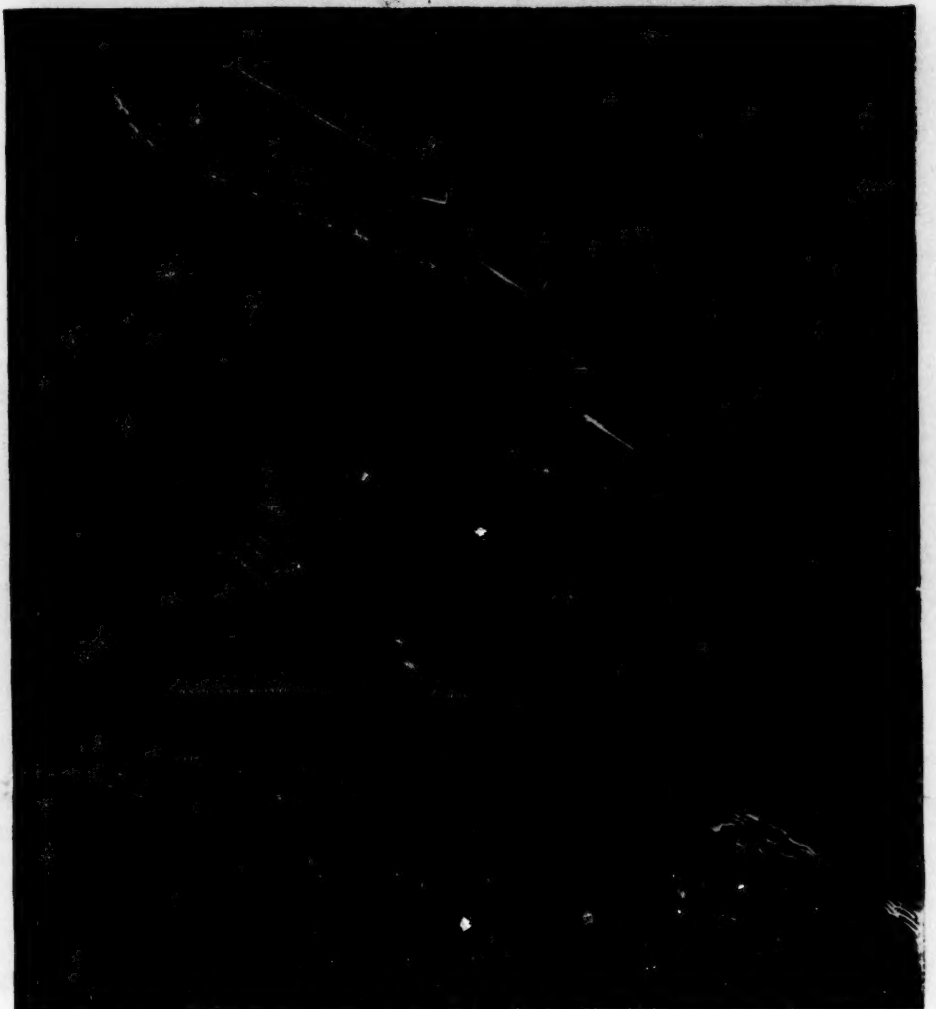
(Subject of Illustration.)

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 30.—The neighborhood 1,409 Grand street was aroused at 2 o'clock this morning by the sound of a pistol-shot and flames issuing from the house. After the fire had been extinguished it was found that Theodore Hattenback and wife had been murdered, and their little girl, eight years old, knocked senseless and lying at the point of death. Mrs. Hattenback was found on the bed, with her head crushed in and her limbs burned to a crisp. Mr. Hattenback was found in the kitchen with a bullet-hole in his head and the back of his head crushed in with an ax, which was discovered near the body. The little girl was found out of doors, in an insensible condition. Suspicion at first pointed to Hattenback as the murderer, but subsequent developments have destroyed that suspicion, and the real murderer is still unknown.

On Thursday morning, 2nd inst., Anthony Comstock arrested a young man named Henry Williams, charged with selling obscene pictures. At the Tombs he made a vigorous defense. Justice Wendell said: "This traffic is one that must be stopped, and



THE ACKERMAN MARSHALL SCANDAL, DOBBS' FERRY, N. Y.



MIDNIGHT LYNCHING OF FRITZ MYERS, HORSE-THIEF, KANSAS.

A STARTLING STORY.

The Astonishing Discovery Which Was Made by a Penitentiary Physician in the Case of a Convict.

SENTENCED AS A MAN

And Serving With the Other Prisoners as Such, But Found to be a Comely Young Woman.

ROMANCE AND INJUSTICE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 27.—The following singular and romantic case appeared in this morning's *Express*, and will be read with interest: On the 23d of October, 1877, William Freeman was sentenced to the Erie County Penitentiary for one year and six months, the prisoner having pleaded guilty to burglary and larceny. Freeman was duly received in the penitentiary, and was put to work in a shop polishing buckles, and continued quietly and with uniform good behavior to pursue the dreary routine of a prison life until yesterday morning, when a surprising discovery was made. It became known to the prison authorities, and later to the police officials and a few others, that the supposed William Freeman was a woman.

The circumstances which led to the detection of her sex were these: It seems that some parties, probably her friends, in Allegany county, had applied to Governor Robinson for a pardon for the supposed William Freeman. In such cases it is usual for the Governor or his authorized agent to write to the keeper of the prison in which the person for whom the pardon is asked is confined for a statement of the prisoner's health. All that is known at the penitentiary concerning the application is the fact of the reception of such a communication from the Governor as alluded to, to ascertain the physical condition of the convict.

A medical examination was requisite. Dr. P. Sonnick, physician to the penitentiary, was requested to investigate the case at nine o'clock yesterday morning, and proceeded to perform the duty. It was not very long before he hurried to the Deputy Superintendent Warden with the startling information:

"THAT'S A WOMAN!"

The prisoner, who, for the past six months, had toiled in the shops with as hard a lot of male humanity as could be easily be got together, was indeed a woman in male habiliments. The astonishment of the keepers was increased by her statement that she had worn the clothes first as a boy, then as a man, from the time she was eleven years old.

As soon as the startling discovery of her sex was made, Mary Ann Schafer, as she confessed her true name to be, was removed to another and secluded part of the prison, provided with the costume prescribed for female state prisoners, and by Superintendent Baker's orders was made as comfortable as the rules would permit. The woman had utterly broken down from her usual firm bearing. She begged the Superintendent to keep her there for life rather than allow her secret and name to be published. This, however, could hardly be prevented, as several persons necessarily became possessed of the knowledge of the facts, and the news once out naturally soon spread.

Mary is twenty-three years of age, five feet seven or eight inches in height, dark hair and dark eyes, pale complexion; she is a pretty good sized woman, weighing probably 140 pounds; wrists and ankles are small, but hands and feet, from the roughest kind of labor, are large and coarse, and her waist has never known the grip of corset.

As Wm. Freeman, she was about as good-looking as the average man; as Mary Schafer, she is not a homely woman.

Her story, told with abundance of tears and with much apparent feeling, was to this effect: She was born in New York city, or on ship-board; her early home was in Allegany county, with her mother and step-father, whom she left when she was eleven and a half years of age; to make a living was at best a hard task for one of her sex, and believing that as a boy she could do best and earn most, she dressed herself in boy's clothes, and hired out to do farm work. This she had done all her life since, plowing and chopping wood, taking care of horses, and all rough work of the farm; and although all the time in the vicinity of her home, she avers that not a soul except her mother, until yesterday, knew her, or knew the secret so

CAREFULLY PRESERVED.

She had a brother and sister, fifteen and seventeen years of age, who probably to this moment do not know that they have a sister. She worked for various farmers in Allegany county, at Niles' Hill, Knight's Creek and other towns, and for a farmer named Pendleton she worked for seven years. Through all the long years of her disguises she protects that she has preserved the

character of strict honor and honesty, which will be attested by those by whom she has been employed.

The crime for which she was sentenced she declares she did not commit. She had rented a farm about five miles from her family's home, which is at Wellville, and hired a woman to act as housekeeper. This woman's nephew committed the burglary, by which he received a quantity of dry goods, which he concealed in her barn. The property was found, and she was one of the number arrested. Being committed to jail, she was employed by the sheriff to take care of his horses, and, taking advantage of the opportunity for liberty which this service offered, she escaped and fled to Canada. In some manner she was induced to return.

The man who committed the crime threatened her life if she betrayed his guilt, and she says under intimidation she made the plea of guilty. During the time of her imprisonment, Mary says she was in constant terror of the discovery of her sex, and, indeed, it is remarkable that she succeeded so long in following the prison rules and habits without detection. Several times she had been on the point of confessing to Superintendent Baker that she was not what her clothing indicated, but shame, she says, kept her mouth closed. She had fully determined that once out of prison she would wear male attire no longer.

So long has the young woman followed the ways of man that to see her in feminine raiment would be amusing, if the spectacle did not excite pity. The simplest bit of woman's work she does with all the awkwardness a rough man would show. She has, in fact, become native to the kingdom of pantaloons and shirts, and woman's apparel are garments which will doubtless require considerable time for her to become accustomed to.

What action will now be taken in regard to her pardon is impossible to foretell. She has certainly been a brave woman, while not representing a woman. She is a hard worker, and feeling toward her should be that of charity.

SANGUINARY STATESMEN.

Bloody Encounter Between Senator Hogan and ex-Senator Fox, Brothers-in-Law, in an Aristocratic Hotel, in Which Another Brother-in-Law Takes a Hand.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The First ward was greatly excited on Monday evening, 29th inst., over a personal collision outside and inside the Stevens House, on Broadway, between Senator Hogan and ex-Senator Fox. The affair occurred in broad daylight, about five o'clock, and in view of a score of spectators. It lasted quite a time, and the combatants were only separated by strenuous efforts, though without any injury to each other beyond a few cuts that will heal easily. Mr. Hogan was cut squarely with a blow on the bridge of the nose and had marks of blood on his shirt front. Mr. Fox had a cut above the left eye, about three-quarters of an inch long, which he claims was administered by a knife in the hands of Dr. Shine, a friend of Senator Hogan, and that was all the gory mark about him.

The origin of the row was chiefly attributed to political differences. Judge Hogan was walking down Broadway in company with Dr. Shine, when he espied Fox standing on the upper step of the entrance to the Stevens House. He was passing along when Fox addressed him, as he says, a remark of an offensive kind, and Hogan turned back with his friend Shine and went into the Stevens House. Fox was at this time talking to a friend of his, Mr. James Connell, of Albany, referring to the "fellow" who was passing down the street as a loafer and political ingrate of the worst kind. Hogan and Shine went into the bar, and the former, after taking a drink, came out into the vestibule and addressing Fox, said:

"See here; you have been talking about me long enough; let us just settle the matter right now," at the same moment directing a blow square at the face of Fox, intended for his nose, but owing to a slight swerve of the latter's head landed above his left eye and made a gash. Some wild sparring ensued, Fox on the retreat and doing the defensive more or less, and Hogan following up the aggressive with pertinacity. They fought across the corridor of the dining-room while the place was in an uproar, and Captain Halpin, Frank Curtis, the bartender, Mr. James Regan, and several more who happened to be standing about, were doing their best, without avail, to separate them. Officer Muldoon was finally called in by Mr. Wilson, proprietor of the hotel, and when he entered he set to work at once

TO SEPARATE THE PAIR.

While he was doing this Mr. Fox called out to him to "Arrest that man; I shall make a charge against him!" The fight threatened to break out anew when this was said, as Mr. Hogan sought to hit Mr. Fox over the officer's shoulder. The officer was in a most uncomfortable situation, having anything but a congenial task to perform, but he saw the proper thing was to act with decision; so he suddenly seized both gladiators by an arm with his hands in a grip like a

vice and marched them out on the sidewalk. The fight might have been renewed here had it not been for the strength and determination of the officer. The two prisoners were taken immediately to New street station house, each one keeping up a volley of abuse against the other on the way.

Even in the station house it was with difficulty they could be kept from having another set-to, and as they made counter charges of assault and battery they were impartially locked up. The people of the First ward never slumber over politics, but keep right at it all the year round, so when they heard Monday evening that Fox and Hogan had actually come to blows, and that politics was the cause, they were wild with excitement and looked forward to the prospect of a lively time in the fall with feelings of intense interest. The idea that Fox and Hogan, the Damon and Pythias of the First ward, should fall out and pummel each other appeared to them beyond all possibility.

John Fox and Edward Hogan lived in the First ward for a number of years—in fact, lived in the same house together, being married to two sisters. They were on the same side in politics and in everything else, and no brothers could have lived in greater harmony. Mr. Tom Burns who lived at 2 Morris street, had three daughters—the eldest of whom was married to Mr. Fox, the next in age to Judge Hogan and the youngest to Dr. Shine. Burns was a Democrat and held the organization in the First ward. He was Superintendent of Piers and Wharves, and was killed in a broil by a man named Sullivan, a bill poster, in canvassing the district for his son-in-law (Fox) when he was running for alderman against Hank Smith. John Fox kept a bar-room at 18 Broadway at one time. He was married to Miss Burns in 1861 and Hogan married her sister in 1865. Hogan had three children, and Fox had three, of whom he lost two. The wives of the two men were handsome and accomplished and their domestic happiness was perfect.

The differences between the brothers-in-law originated in family matters, and then extended to politics, intensifying in bitterness all along. Dr. Shine, who married the youngest sister, then entered the quarrel between the pair, and espoused the side of Hogan. Fox and Shine have had hot words on previous occasions, and the feeling between them is even greater than between Hogan and Fox. Fox claims that Hogan is ungrateful because he did so much for him when he could do nothing for himself. Fox, as the other avers, was constantly in the habit of abusing Hogan, but the latter would never open his lips in reply. Burns left the daughters \$40,000 and a farm at Baldwinville, L. I., and Fox, it is thought, had the lion's share of the legacy. Anyhow, there is family and domestic bickering more or less mixed up with the so-called political difference.

John Fox sat in his shirt sleeves in his cell cool and communicative on Monday evening, and said he had no desire to hurry up the proceedings; that he would see the regular course of the law in such cases. "I am the complainant in this matter," said he. "I was standing in the Stevens House when this fellow Hogan came up and takes me by the collar, while that fellow he travels with, Shine, struck me with a knife over the left eye. This Hogan I have had much to complain of. He went up to Albany from here as Senator, and I never opposed his election, but I have had a right to see, when he goes to Albany, that he acts in the interests of the people, but in place of that I find him and Senator Ecclesine voting for every job that comes up in the Senate and doing all the dirty bidding of John Kelly and Tammany Hall. And he does no good for his district. He has not got a man a job in the whole district, so I have had to do the thing myself. What good has he done for the taxpayers in Albany? Look at him supporting that Pontiac Pavement bill for Fifth avenue that I exposed and helped to defeat in 1874. Then the Public Burdens bill and other bills; he was always on the wrong side of them. I have helped him all his life and he has paid it back with ingratitude, and now, in place of being the aggressor, I am the complainant in this case." Mr. Fox spoke with strong feelings of resentment about Dr. Shine being in the business, and really appeared more inflamed against him fourfold than against his other brother-in-law. Mr. Fox is forty-two years of age, of strong physique, tall, fair, with well marked features. He has been a long time in politics and filled various public positions.

Judge Hogan sat in his prison cell out near the door, where he talked freely with the friends who came to visit and console with him. He showed only the ordinary traces of the excitement and sanguinary wear and tear of

A BRIEF STREET COLLISION.

His cell was white and clean and almost comfortable. He had a supper sent in to him from a restaurant, but he declined most of the attentions which the sympathetic officers on duty offered him, saying that he wanted to be treated no better than any other prisoner. "Let it be," said he, "a longshoreman or any one else; just treat me the same as you would them." He spoke without showing very much feeling, but he evidently appeared to be very much puzzled

at the motives of Senator Fox in constantly making him the subject of vile and abusive remarks. "Let him tell me," he exclaimed, "what he means by all his repeated slanders of me, and I can understand him. We have been acquainted twenty years. We have lived in the same house together, and I never knew any occasion for falling out between us until a year ago. That was concerning the matter of a remark he made to me relative to my wife, which I resented at the time, and which I was not likely to forget for awhile. It is a private affair, and a thing I don't care to refer to. I resolved then that I would not speak to him any more. My wife was ill and stopping at the Gilesey House, and my family were at Spuyten Duyvil, and I had employed Dr. Shine to attend my wife. He conceived a violent dislike for Shine for some cause, I don't know what, and he has been constantly harping on the acquaintance between Shine and myself, as if it was a sort of conspiracy we were in against him. I will admit he has done favors for me, but I have done as many for him, and there was no balance due him. I never went round, as he did in reference to me, dealing out abuse of him to friends and strangers alike. I tell you I couldn't stand that sort of thing any longer, quiet and patient as I am. A man may bear with it for awhile, but he is bound to kick against it when he sees no sufficient reason for it. That he never consented to give. It was all abuse and no argument, and I just hope there is an end to it."

Judge Hogan is a man of about forty-three years of age, some four or five inches below the stature of John Fox, and much less vigorous frame. He is of dark complexion and quick and easy in manner.

The prisoners had been confined over two hours when it was announced to them that Judge Bixby would open court at the Tombs to give their affair a hearing. Judge Callaghan and Congressman Muller had been instrumental in securing this favor. Among those present at the proceedings, which did not begin till half-past ten o'clock in the evening, were William H. Kennedy, Colonel Murphy, Robert Gale, James Connell, Judge Clancy, Congressman Nicholas Muller, Assemblyman Berrigan, ex-Warden William Denis Hogan and others.

Mr. Fox made a complaint to Judge Bixby of having been assaulted by Judge Hogan and "this fellow here," pointing to Shine, "who cut me with a knife."

Hogan had no complaint to make, saying that he would be better prepared at another time.

Fox insisted on having his complaint written out, and something like a sanguinary scene appeared probable between himself and Dr. Shine, who hurled several stong epithets at him, while Fox seemed as if he would like to impale him. The police, however, were on the alert, and no further collision occurred.

Justice Bixby put down the examination for three P. M., May 4, at the Essex Market Court, and fixed the bail of Hogan at \$500, and that of Shine at \$1,000. This was furnished by Denis Hogan, Wm. H. Kennedy and William Johnson for both men.

A Startling Criminal Development.

WYTHEVILLE, Va., May 1.—Carroll county, situated in the extreme eastern portion of Virginia, is excited over a murder which took place there recently. The details are meagre, and, owing to the remoteness of the scene, hard to be ascertained. From the information at hand it appears that a man named Lee Farmer, a citizen of Carroll, mysteriously disappeared on the 22d ult. On Thursday last, the 25th, the body was found in Head Island creek, below Kelly's Mill Dam, in Wythe county, having been washed down about eight miles from where he is supposed to have been murdered. A lady named Mrs. Wheeler, residing near the creek, saw his body go over the dam, but did not know at the time that it was the corpse of a human being. On the same day a boy who was fishing in the creek discovered the body and at once notified the neighbors, who promptly drew it ashore.

A coroner's inquest was then held, but without having any information on the subject, returned a formal verdict that the deceased had come to his death from blows received on the head. Subsequently, when the disappearance of Farmer became known, the body was exhumed on Monday, the 29th, and fully identified as that of the missing man. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Tipton, of Carroll county, the result of which has not yet been promulgated.

Suspicion attached to the wife of Farmer and another woman of bad reputation who was living with her as the murderers, and they have been arrested. Farmer was an ex-Confederate soldier and was partially paralyzed from the effects of a wound received during the war. He was a poor man, of peaceable disposition, and was well thought of by his neighbors. It is said his wife and her confederate were leading a life of shame, and that Farmer was a serious obstacle to their illicit practices. On this account, it is alleged, they determined to get rid of him, and in accordance with a prearranged programme murdered him and threw his body into the creek. The accused women were committed to jail to await indictment and trial by a proper tribunal.

A FEARFUL FIND.

A Ghastly Secret Which was Entrusted to the River but which it was Unable to keep.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

The Body of Barney, the Boatman, a Missing Man, is Fished up Heavily Weighted with Iron.

EVIDENCE OF A BRUTAL MURDER.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A mystery which, since the 16th of March, has disturbed the public mind in South Brooklyn disappeared on Friday, 26th ult., in the light of a ghastly revelation. The crime which has been brought to light is of the basest complexion—murder for gain and attended apparently with circumstances of ruthless atrocity. Its surroundings are such as might be naturally expected from the facilities afforded by the water front of a great city. It will be, perhaps, best to follow the narrative from the disappearance of the victim until the waters of the Erie Basin gave up its dead.

Up to the 16th of March there lived, at 331 Von Brunt street, South Brooklyn, a man named Bernard Ferron. He was fifty-five years of age, five feet five inches in height, and his only personal peculiarity was a defect, commonly known as a halt, in his left leg. He followed the duplex occupation of a boatman and river "speculator," the latter pursuit implying that he boarded ships, bought old iron bolts and chains and various kinds of junk and odds and ends in which ships abound, and when he had accumulated a sufficient store resold it to the wholesale dealers in such wares at a moderate profit.

Ferron's occupation necessarily brought him into contact with the worst classes, but personally

HE WAS BEYOND REPROACH.

He had lived seventeen years in the neighborhood, and every one had a kindly greeting for "Old Barney," as he was familiarly called. No stain stood against his humble name. He had thrift, honesty and industry, and these brought a comfortable home in their train. Through fair and foul weather he followed his humble avocation, and "he reaped the harvest of his hands" as honorably as men of higher estate and ampler influence. His wife was the only sharer of his unpretentious fortunes (he had no children), and on several occasions when fortune smiled and his balance in the savings bank warranted the extravagance he treated her to a trip to Ireland, from which country he had come when quite young. The current of their lives flowed smoothly enough, no doubt, until the morning of the 16th of March, when Mrs. Ferron went out at half-past seven o'clock to early church, asking her husband to take charge of her house in her absence. He replied that he was going out in his boat, but that he would make matters secure before leaving, and would place the key, according to his custom, under the door mat.

Ferron went out in less than half an hour after his wife had gone to church, and the presumption is that he went straight from his house to the foot of Richards street, where his boat was secured. At all events he was seen in his boat (an ordinary working one, nineteen feet long and painted white) a few minutes after eight o'clock and again at ten o'clock. This was the last time he was seen alive, and here ended all trace of him. Later on, about half-past one o'clock, the boat was found in her place tied to the dock, but not fastened by a padlock as it was Ferron's custom to secure it. A young man named Michael Simms says that about this time, while working on Connell's dock, he saw three men in Ferron's boat rowing shoreward, but they were so far away he would be

UNABLE TO IDENTIFY THEM.

They rowed the boat, he says, to the dock, secured it to another boat which was lying there and went off in the direction of Elizabeth street. Speculation now went to work and formulated theories. It was known that Ferron carried with him some \$45 or \$50, for it was necessary for him to have ready money to pay for his purchase, and while this fact would furnish a motive for foul play the other fact that it was broad daylight was against the presumption that a murder had been committed. Then, too, the boat showed no sign of a struggle, and at length it came to be believed that Ferron had fallen into the water, and that his halt leg, having incapacitated him from swimming, he was drowned.

It appears, however, that there are crimes which the earth will not hide or the waters cover, and the making away with Ferron was one of these. On the morning of the discovery of the remains the tide had ebbed low in the Erie Basin, and the damp mist hung over the water. It was about 10 o'clock when William F. Springer, a boatman, who lives at 65 Vandyke street, rowed

across the basin from the breakwater. He had reached a point where the water was about three and a half feet deep, when he noticed something beneath the surface of the water, which, by all appearance was attached to an anchorage. Very little inspection satisfied him that it was the body of a man, and a closer scrutiny showed that a rope ran across his mouth. A portion of the face appeared to have been eaten away, and the tongue protruded from the mouth and was greatly swollen. He at once connected the discovery with the disappearance of Ferron, and, seeing that the body was so weighed that it would be impossible to remove it, he rowed ashore and sent a report to the police. Captain Kelly, of the Eleventh precinct, Brooklyn, who had been engaged on the case since Ferron's disappearance, at once took the matter in hand, procured assistance and

HAD THE BODY RAISED.

It was then brought ashore and laid on a raft until Coroner Sims arrived and authorized its removal to an undertaking establishment in Hamilton avenue.

An examination of the body at once revealed the fact that the man had been foully murdered. The head, which was a shapeless mass of livid flesh, had been beaten in, a thick rope had been stretched across the mouth and tied firmly behind the head, and secured with a stout rope around the body was a canvas bag containing exactly 100 pounds of old iron. This iron consisted of a heavy chain about six feet long, with sister hooks at the end, which had been evidently used as a bobstay of a ship, a piece of lighter chain, a large and small shackle, a timber dog, an iron ring with two small sister hooks, a large pin bolt for holding the chain-plates of a vessel and several smaller pieces of iron. The bag which contained this variously assorted anchorage was of canvas, and had borne a brand which was almost effaced. The letters "sto," as if beginning the word "store" or "stores," were still traceable.

The theory most readily deducible from all the circumstances is that Ferron went on board a vessel, according to his custom, to purchase junk; that on displaying his money to make the necessary payment an attempt was made to rob him; that he resisted, was immediately gagged with a rope, had his head beaten in with a piece of iron and that the body was then sunk, weighted possibly with the very junk which he had bought. Of the identity of the body there can be no doubt, for although the face was beyond recognition the clothes were readily identified; his wife more particularly identifying a spotted scarf which he wore; also a comb that he was accustomed to carry in his pocket. As the body lay in the undertaker's establishment it presented a ghastly spectacle, the head being completely broken in and a portion of the skull having fallen away.

A Frightful Outrage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SALEM, Ohio, April 28.—A shocking case of inhumanity, perpetrated here three years ago, has just come to light creating a profound sensation in our community, owing to the high standing of all concerned. Henry Baldwin, who is both a brother-in-law and son-in-law of Alexander Paw, President of the First National Bank of this city, had in his employ three years ago a young son of Rev. Mr. Hawkes, a Baptist minister, who was charged by a weak-minded daughter of Baldwin with outraging her person during the temporary absence of her parents. On their return the daughter's complaint incensed the mother so that she enticed the boy into the cellar and locked him there until night when her husband with a razor horribly mutilated the boy, who protested his innocence most piteously. A neighbor and relative of the Baldwins, happening in soon after, heard the boy's sobs and insisted on summoning Drs. Rush and Kuhn to dress his wounds and save his life. The latter is the prosecuting witness now, the horrible deed having been suppressed until this time through the high standing and influence of the parties to it. The facts leaked out recently through the neighbor alluded to. Baldwin was arrested last night, had a preliminary examination, and was held in \$3,000 bail, which he was unable to obtain, and was taken to New Lisbon and lodged in jail at two o'clock this morning.

A Boyish Assassin.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 2.—On Tuesday night, near the corner of Fifth and Olive streets, Alfred Powell shot William H. Graves, a lawyer, inflicting probably fatal wounds. Graves, who is a middle-aged man, of some means, was standing at the time with his back towards Powell, in conversation on business matters with a Mr. Cooper, in front of the shop of the latter. Powell, who is but seventeen, was arrested. He claims as his justification that Graves defrauded his widowed mother of the property bequeathed her by his father, leaving her destitute.

Near Springfield, Ill., on the 1st inst., Chris B. Mumment was shot and killed by Jack Crosby, a colored tenant, whom he attempted to dis-

MENKEN THE MAGNIFICENT.

Last Days and Singular Death of the Brilliant, and Beautiful, but Sensual and Sinful Actress.

In one of our up-town picture galleries is a beautiful portrait which is attracting considerable attention. It is Menken, the Amazonian actress. Looking at it the other day, it recalled an incident in her life that has never been told and is worth relating. One of the strangest characters the world has ever seen was Adah Isaacs Menken, a queer mixture of sensuality and mentality. She led a life the peculiarities of which seem impossible to fathom. Her outward life is a matter of history, and it would be useless enumerating its checkered events. Her inner life she gave to the world a glimpse of in the small volume of poems she published shortly before her death, some of them containing the most profound thought woven into the most poetic language. Living a life that was an open defiance of all moral law, sensual to the extreme in all her passions, she had a mind the most delicate and sensitive I ever met with; a strange being, she met with a strange fate.

When she first went to England she set London ablaze with excitement. Thousands thronged Astley's every night to see her in "Mazeppa," and as many watched her day after day driving up the "Mall" with her team of ponies. Duchesses passed by unnoticed; even if they were young and beautiful, if la belle Menken was in sight. Apparently impassive, casting glances at no one, with no companion except her "tiger" behind her, she swept over the Mall the

OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS.

I had frequently watched her there, little thinking that I should soon know no more of this strangely fascinating woman. I was then a student at Guy's Hospital, and one evening the house surgeon, a gentleman who has since become famous in his profession, said: "Let us go and see this Menken, the people are going crazy over. Have you seen her?"

"No, except in the Park, where I have seen her driving."

"Rather a queer character, I hear. But we'll go and study the lady anatomically, as she gives plenty of opportunity for it."

In a few moments we were rolling through the borough in a Hansom cab to Astley's, which is situated at the southern end of Westminster bridge. Purchasing two stall tickets, we entered. In all of the European theatres there are three or four rows of seats next to the orchestra, railed off; these are called orchestra stalls, and are considered the best seats in the house. The place was jammed high and low, and it will hold a small city. The play commenced. There was but little excitement until Menken came on, when deafening applause rolled through the house. She was not very beautiful in face, but her figure was a model of symmetrical beauty. We have all raved about that marvellous marble at Florence that the sculptor seems to have imbued with life, but one glance at Adah Isaacs Menken, as she stood that night in her royal beauty, and you would say with Byron:

I've seen lovelier women ripe and real Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.

The play proceeded. It is needless to say

HOW IT WAS PUT ON.

It was perhaps one of the greatest spectacles ever seen, with a stage as large as the whole of one of our theatres. The steed fairly galloped over the mountains of Tartary, appearing and reappearing in the distance until the horse and the living form bound on his back appeared small in the perspective. Suddenly a slight noise and a faint scream were heard. There was a buzz through the house, the curtain was rung down. Then the manager stepped to the front and stated that Miss Menken had met with a slight accident (accidents are always slight under such circumstances). If there was a doctor in the house would he come around. We were sitting close to the front. My chief said, "Follow me," and before you could say Jack Robinson we had scrambled through the orchestra and over the footlights to the stage. The manager led us to the green-room. There upon the floor lay the beautiful Menken, her silk tights stained with crimson blood.

"I don't think I am hurt much, doctor," she said, "I am only frightened." In turning a corner the horse had gone too near one of the flats and had grazed her limbs, tearing the flesh all down. Expedition was required. The room was cleared and we were soon at work. The wound, which was not dangerous, but must have been extremely painful, was soon dressed and the patient taken to her home at Brompton. The performance of "Mazeppa" was not concluded that night; the audience dispersed after having been informed of the nature of the injuries.

THE LADY HAD RECEIVED.

It was my duty day after day to visit her; the wound soon healed, but the mental shock remained. "I have been," she said, "for years in constant dread of some accident of this kind, and the fright more than the hurt has prostrated me; I shall never recover." We laughed at what we thought her idle fears, but they proved to be true. This girl, in the vigor of her womanhood, full of passionate life, with every sense strung to

its highest tension—a magnificent animal, such as Du Marier loves to draw and Lawrence or Swimburne describe—began slowly, but almost imperceptibly to fade away. For months she was carefully watched, then travel was prescribed, and she went on the continent. A few months later I received a telegram dated from Paris: "Come and see me before I die." I lost but little time in reaching the gay capital, but it was too late. They say she died of consumption; she died from the nervous shock caused by the accident I have related. In her later days the power of her mind developed itself as her physical powers weakened. In her health and strength her mentality seemed to be overshadowed by her animalism. But as the body decayed, the mind asserted itself and she wrote those poems, some of which are as beautiful as anything in the English language. She was buried in Pere la Chaise, in a secluded corner of that beautiful city of the dead, near to the well-known monument of Abelard and Heloise, in an unpretending marble tomb, with her name, age and date of death upon it, and her epitaph, written by herself, in two words—"Thou Knowest."

A Kansas Horse-Thief Lynched.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ATCHISON, Kan., April 29.—A special dispatch to the daily *Champion*, from Greenleaf, announces that Fritz Meyers, a notorious horse-thief was taken from the jail at Belleville, Republic county, on Saturday night and hanged, by a mob of forty men, armed and masked. Meyers stole a span of horses from a man named Hancock, on Thursday of last week. He was arrested next day and lodged in jail. An unsuccessful attempt was made to take him from the jail on Friday night. On Saturday night a second and better organized raid was made on the jail, with the results above stated. Meyers' body was still hanging on Sunday morning. It is alleged that he was a prominent member of an extensive gang of horse-thieves, whose depredations have recently been quite numerous.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

of the affair is furnished by a correspondent of the *GAZETTE*, at Belleville:

BELLEVILLE, Kan., April 30.—A span of horses was stolen four miles west of this town, the county seat of Republic county, on Tuesday night, the 28d inst., from one Doc Hancock. On the 29th the thief was caught carrying five miles north-east from here in Nebraska. The prisoner was brought back and turned over to the authorities on Friday afternoon and pled guilty to the charge of horse-stealing and was committed to jail. There was a great deal of excitement among the farmers, as there has been more horse-stealing in the vicinity of late and so little protection on account of the unsettled character of the new country. The sheriff, therefore, feared they would hang him and took him out of town and walked about the prairie in the darkness hoping to save him. About two o'clock in the morning he sought shelter in a farm house two and a half miles from Belleville with a man named Kennedy, but the people more enraged by the sheriff's attempt to foil them hunted him and his charge like bloodhounds, threatening to lynch the sheriff also. They found his hiding place and as he heard them coming he ran out of the back door and a chase began, the party pursuing with whoops and yells. The pursuers consisted of the best citizens, about one hundred and fifty in number, from all parts of the county. The sheriff and the thief were overtaken and the sheriff pleaded to be allowed to put the prisoner in jail and then they might do as they would. This request was granted, and after depositing his charge he did his utmost to prevent them from breaking the jail, but to no purpose.

They battered down the door, and for some reason some of the most influential men among the mob added their entreaties to the sheriff's, and the party left the jail for that night. The next day there was some excitement, but as night came on the farmers went to their homes and no danger seemed to be apprehended, everything being quiet until 12 o'clock. The sheriff then retired, his prisoner being safely shackled and handcuffed in his cell. In the morning, however, our little city was again thrown into excitement by reports that the prisoner had escaped from jail. Search was immediately made and the culprit was soon found half a mile direct west from Belleville, hung by the neck with a 3/4 inch rope and quite dead. The corpse had a paper pinned to the back, with this inscription:

"Man being the noblest work of God, in this case it proved a failure. Horse thieves beware. Take notice of your doom."

SHIPPED

By lightning express to a damned, eternity hell!" The victim was about five feet six inches in height and weighed about 145 pounds. He is forty-two years of age. He had a light colored beard all over his face. His name was Fritz Meyers, alias John Rankins, and he claimed to be from Ash Grove, Ill. He admitted that he had shot a man in that state last Fall, and undoubtedly was an old offender. He was hung on a butcher's windlass with his shackles and handcuffs on as the sheriff had it him. The act was generally, I might say, unanimously approved in the community.



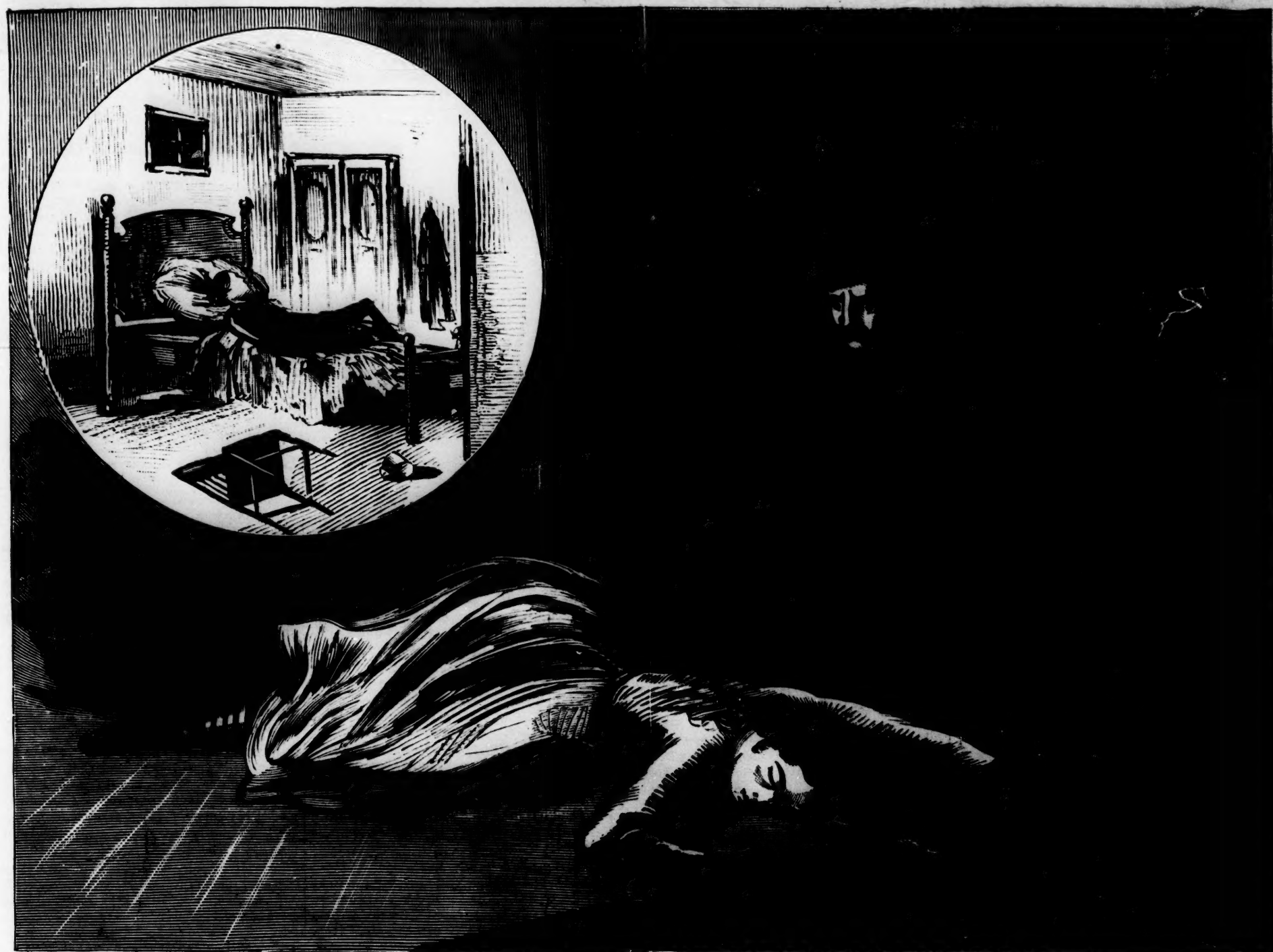
SCENES AT THE TOMBS, NEW YORK CITY—THE EXTERIOR OF THE FAMOUS CRIMINAL HOSTELRY—A "SUNDAY MATINEE" IN THE COURT-ROOM—SHIPPING THE UNFORTUNATES PER BLACK MARIA—AN EMINENT TOMBS LAWYER.



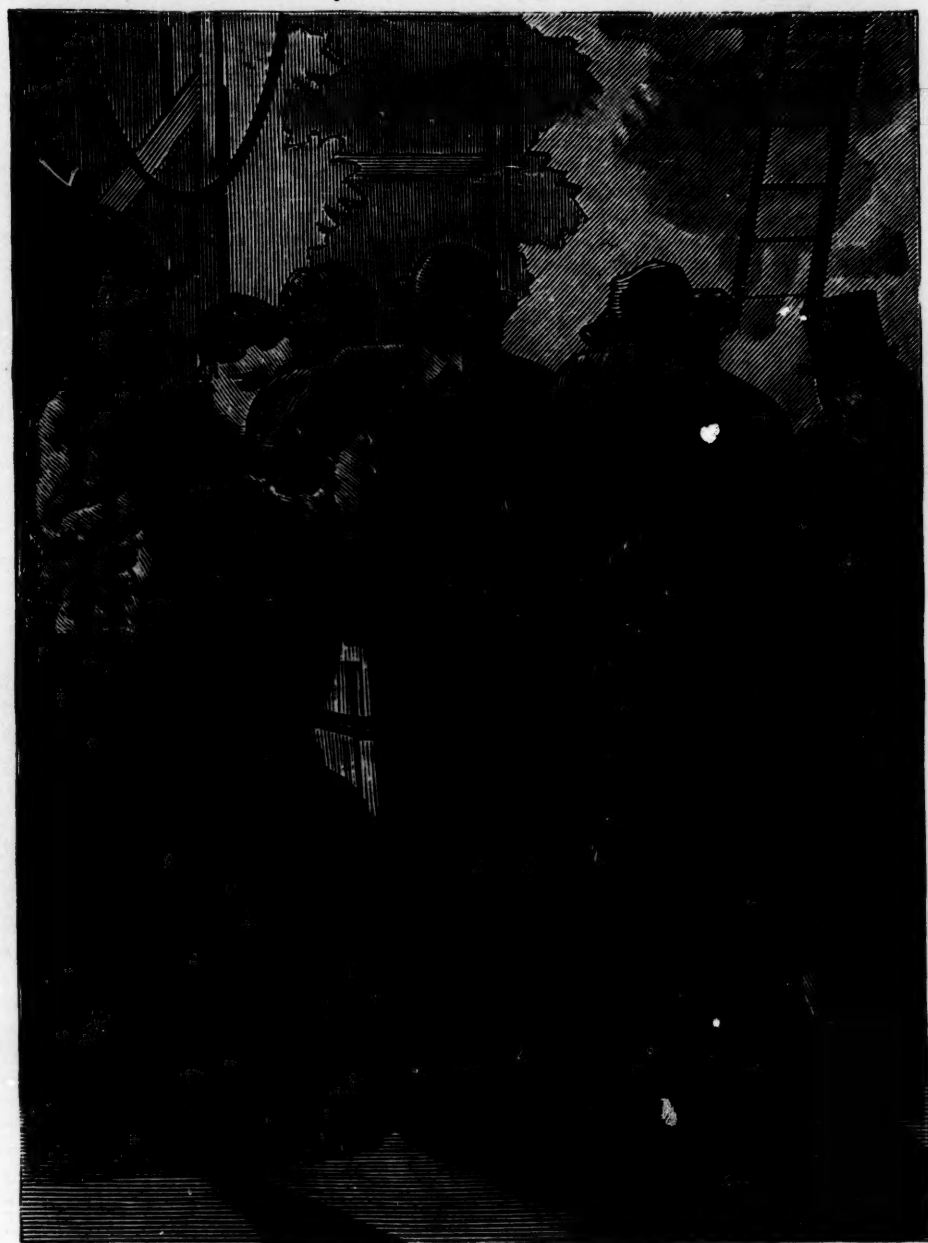
LEE HANLEY'S CHILD KILLED BY A RATTLESNAKE, GREENWOOD, MO.



MURDER OF DEPUTY SHERIFF ROCKWELL NEAR BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.



TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF THEODORE FATTENBACK AND WIFE AND THE FIRING OF THE HOUSE BY THE ASSASSIN.



THE "EXILES" COMPANY'S ROW WITH A COSTUMER, BROOKLYN, N. Y. OTTENBERG'S ATTEMPT TO SHOOT HIS ACCUSER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

A DEVOUT DEBAUCHER.

How a Nice Young Christian Man
Improved the Shining Hours of a
Sunday School Convention,

BY THE SEDUCTION

Of a Fair Young Fellow-Member at
the Hotel Where the Brethren
and Sisters Put Up.

BUT, LIKE BEECHER, HE DENIES.

GREENSBURG, Ind., May 1.—Greensburg is enjoying another bit of scandal, the dimensions of which are alarming. It is a case of "nest-hiding," and the Elizabeth Tilton Beecher in it has confessed. The matter has not yet found its way into court, but it will probably reach there ere many days. By it the Christian Church is brought into notoriety, all parties interested being members of that organization, and also of "high-toned" society, the gentler party of the first part being no less a personage than Miss Hannah White, step-daughter of Mr. Samuel McLaughlin, one of the most highly-honored citizens of Decatur county. Miss White is a blooming maiden of twenty-one summers—old enough to know better—is a tall, handsome brunette, and has moved in Greensburg's best society, indeed has been regarded as a veritable belle.

The sterner party to the questionable transaction, or at least the young man upon whom the responsibility threatens to rest, and who has already received an invitation to walk up to the clergyman's office—marriage license in hand—and settle, is a dashing young widower of about thirty-five years, Mr. Newton Hazelrigg, of the well-known carriage manufacturing firm of Crawford & Hazelrigg.

A few months since, say three or four, the family physician of McL. was called upon to attend Miss Hannah, her health being declared in a precarious condition. The doctor pronounced the case one of "droupy," and treated it accordingly, until about the first of last week. At that time it happened that a party was held at the residence of one of the brethren, and the ladies very naturally discussed the fortunes and misfortunes of their own sex. The conversation finally turning upon Miss White, one of the ladies remarked that she "guessed the droupy would soon

"FALL INTO HANNAH'S ARMS."

This remark naturally impressed the Doctor's wife, and when she returned home she related to him what she had heard at the party. Availing himself of this information, he declared that he would immediately visit his patient and make an effort to extort from her the truth as to her condition.

Putting the question squarely to Miss Hannah, she confessed that she was *envelope*, had been so since September last, and then related the history of her trouble. At the time the mischief was done, she says she was at Rushville, Ind., in company with other members of the Christian Church, in attendance upon a Sunday school convention—among the number the reputed father of the child. She says that he coaxed so hard to occupy the same room with her at the hotel that she finally consented, and the result was the casting of a shadow.

The close proximity of the period when she should become a mother demanded that something should be done to save her from the disgrace that would inevitably attach to her. The reputed father, or rather the man whom Miss White designates as her room-mate at Rushville, Hazelrigg, was at Columbus, Ind., on business. Last week, a couple of friends of the family procured a carriage and went after him. The *dénouement* made, he declared that it was the first intimation he had received of the condition of the young lady. Returning home with them on Saturday night he called at the McLaughlin residence, and found out "what was the matter with Hannah." He was convinced of the truth of what he had heard. The mother, keenly smarting under the development, sternly demanded that he should marry her daughter; that he was the author of her ruin, and was in honor bound to

MAKE ALL POSSIBLE REPARATION.

He protested that he was not the father of the child; that others—one a married man—had also been guilty of too close an intimacy with Miss Hannah; that they had "put up a job" on him for the purpose of screening themselves. He said to your reporter to-day that he knew he could not be the father of the prospective child, and that he would fight to the bitter end any attempt to make him appear as such. He acknowledged that he was with Miss White at Rushville, and that like the characters in the Dickey-Tyus drama, they had taken a pleasant ride in a carriage. He even went so far as to say that he knew beyond peradventure that Miss White had become as familiarly acquainted with other young men in town

as with himself, that indeed one of these young men had first intimated to him that Miss W. was not possessed of moral compunctions, and that through these very intimations and insinuations he had been led to seek a further acquaintance with the lady in question. It is alleged that inducements were offered in the shape of a house, furniture, and considerable cash, if Hazelrigg would marry the young lady; that he obstinately repelled their offers; and declared that if they attempted to force him by litigation he would make revelations that would cause "other hearts to ache." He claims even that one or two other members of the church have also been guilty of the same indiscretion that he has.

As yet the trouble has not appeared in court, nor have any preliminary papers been filed, but it is fair to suppose that the friends of the poor girl, occupying as they do a proud social position, will not suffer her misfortunes to go unrevenge. Some kind of redress will likely be sought. Of the 5,000 people in Greenville probably about 4,900 are discussing the merits of the case. It is, perhaps, proper to add that the fingers have all been counted in Greensburg, and it is said that on or about the 5th of next month the trouble will culminate.

Murder in High Life.

RICHMOND, Va., April 29.—Information reached here to-night of a sensational and horrible murder which occurred in high life in Carroll county, in this state, on Saturday. The parties in the affair are Mrs. Maud Travers, a bride of a few days, accomplished, beautiful and wealthy, who murdered her husband, John Travers, seventy years of age, in cold blood. Mrs. Travers is not yet twenty, and, it seems, married Travers, who was one of the wealthiest men in this state, for his money. Before the orange blossoms had become disarranged she regretted the step. On the day before the murder the husband attended a dinner party in the neighborhood. His attentions to another lady on that occasion was the subject of a sharp reprimand by the newly-made wife on his return home. Sharp words followed, but none of the household dreamed of the horrible sequel that was to follow. About 10 o'clock the couple retired, apparently in good humor with each other. From what followed it seems that the wife left her partner's side in the bed about midnight, secured a carving knife from the kitchen, returned to the chamber on the first floor and cut her husband's throat from ear to ear. The woman, who is of powerful physical build, then dragged the body of the murdered man from the bed to the creek, about fifty yards distant, and threw it in the water, hoping, it is supposed, by this means to conceal her connection with the revolting deed. Early yesterday morning two fishermen who were fishing in the brook discovered the body, and traced the crime by the bloody trail left on the ground in dragging the body from the house to the water's edge to the Travers mansion. An investigation followed, when it was discovered that the woman had destroyed the bed-clothes, which were doubtless drenched in gore, by burning them. The instrument of the bloody crime was found in the search that followed driven down beneath the hearthstones. When arrested and brought into the presence of her murdered spouse Mrs. Travers denied all knowledge of or connection with his murder, but later in the day, it is said, when brought before the coroner's jury, the woman candidly confessed her guilt, and said she had determined to become the possessor of her husband's wealth, whom she did not love, in order that she might wed the only man for whom she had any affection. The jury took a recess in the afternoon, when the murderers seized the opportunity, when the attention of the officers who had her under charge was attracted by some one in the crowd, to commit suicide. She drew a small knife from her pocket and inflicted several stabs in the chest, but was detected and disarmed before she inflicted any wounds of a serious nature. The affair has created the most intense excitement in the community in which it occurred, and the versions that reach here to-night are conflicting. The murderers is in jail.

Seduction and Death.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 1.—A case of seduction and death was made public Saturday afternoon, the particulars of which appear to be as follows: In December last Miss Alice Worke, from Spencer, Owen county, came to this city and found employment as a housemaid in the family of Mrs. Clouson, on West New York street. She worked as long as she could, and then confessed to her mistress that she was *envelope*, and that her seducer was William H. Croxson, of Spencer. The girl was afterward removed to the Home for Friendless Women, where she was taken sick on the 4th of last month, and after giving birth to a still-born infant, died on the 6th, and was buried at the expense of Croxson, a man named Dobson acting as his agent.

A Desperado Shot Down.

John Wise, a hardened young desperado and horse thief, was captured near Independence, Mo., on the 1st inst., after a desperate fight, in which he was seriously wounded.

CHICAGO CRIME.

The Kind of Murder They get up in
the Phoenix City—no Slouch of a
Homicide, but a Regular Blood-
Cardling Butchery.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 29.—Chicago has contributed her share of diabolical deeds to the annals of this country's crime, and one of the most cold-blooded and deliberate homicides that has ever occurred in America was committed in this city about 11:30 o'clock to-day by a miserable vermin-eaten native of Italy. The murder was in every way more brutal, more horrible and more damnable than that committed a few weeks ago by the thugs Connolly and Sherry. These fiends were drunk at the time, and to a certain extent unaccountable for their actions.

The Italian brute was perfectly sober, and knew what he was doing. The shocking story is easily told. Nicholas McCue was an employee of the Novelty Leather Works, Harrell & Owen, 39 State street. The house was moving this morning to 59 on the same street, and McCue was engaged at work in the new building near the elevator entrance. A lot of paper boxes had been placed, and there being no one near, the rag-picker saw a good lay-out to reward his searching industry, and proceeded to crush up the boxes and bag his prize. Some one's attention in the upper part of the building was directed to the destructive maneuvers of the Italian, and Mr. Owen was told of it. He, accompanied by McCue and two other boys, descended to interview the Italian. They expostulated with him for destroying the boxes, and demanded payment for them. The rag-picker surlily muttered something, but made no intelligible reply, either not understanding or not wishing to comprehend. Young McCue then called out, "Boys, you keep him, and I will go and

GET A POLICEMAN.

He started off for that purpose, but had gone only a few steps when his attention was attracted by the cry of the others that the Italian had gotten away. McCue gave up his purposeless errand now, and took after the Italian. The rag-picker had left his well filled bags of scraps and crushed boxes in the custody of Mr. Owen, and darted desperately and hurriedly across State street to the alley in the rear of the Tremont House. Young McCue kept close to the fleeing thief, and overtook him just as the alley debouches into Dearborn street. There he laid hands upon the fugitive, but he jerked away. McCue was not disconcerted, but gathered strength for another spurt, and came up with the man just as he gained the sidewalk, opposite here, he fastened upon him again, but had scarcely secured his hold when the Italian, Luigi Simono, pulled out a revolver, presented it and discharged the contents against the breast of his captor. McCue whirled about, and fell face downward upon the sidewalk. He was picked up, and carried into Strong & Maynard's drug store before which the murder was committed. After being brought into the building, McCue breathed heavily, was unable to articulate, and within five minutes was a corpse, the ball from the pistol having done its fatal work with accuracy, passing directly through the heart. Meanwhile, the murderer had thrown his pistol into a puddle of water on Dearborn street, and started anew to escape. He directed his flight toward Randolph street, along Dearborn. At this time the pedestrians and business people in the vicinity were apprised of the murder, and awoke to an anxiety to

CAPTURE THE MURDERER.

Several started in pursuit, with the cry of "murder" on their lips, and before the blood-stained wretch could reach Randolph street he was in the hands of the law. He was stopped by a crowd of assembled citizens, and held until Lieutenant Gehring, of the Lake street squad arrived on the scene when he was taken to the Central Station. McCue's father went to the station about 1 o'clock this afternoon. He had heard that his son was dead, but did not believe it. He had come hoping for the best. When told that his son was dead he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. It was some time before he could be induced to stay his grief. The father is an Irishman, of about sixty years of age, with gray hair and mustache. The boy's mother is on her death-bed.

The murdered boy is between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and was the third child of a family of eight children. He is represented by the neighbors and by all those acquainted with him as a boy of obedient disposition, quiet and good-natured in his intercourse with others, and of very industrious habits. He has been with the Novelty Leather Works three or four months, and is spoken of by the firm in terms of high praise. Previous to his engagement with this firm, he assisted his father. The murderer is a man of about forty years of age, five feet six inches in height, black hair, with a shabby beard and mustache of the same color. His face is the dark Italian one, which is seen at every peanut stand corner. Your correspondent visited the murderer in his cell at the Almore Station, and succeeded in learning these facts about

THE ITALIAN RAG-PICKER.

He stated his name to be Luigi Pietro Simono. He was born in Campo Chiaro, in the Province of Campo Basso, near Naples, Italy. His residence is in Chicago, on South Clark street, near the Catholic Church, and he is unmarried. When questioned about the murder the man hesitated, and at first stated: "I shot him because he insulted me;" then he supplemented this by saying, emphatically and with vehement gesticulations: "I did not shoot him. The young man pulled the pistol on me, and I tried to knock it away, and it went off and killed him."

"Why did you throw the pistol away after the shooting?"

To this question the murderer made no reply, but reiterated, "I did not shoot him; he shot himself."

The murderer is ready to talk, but will not approach the subject of the murder except to repeat in substance what is given above. Mr. Howell, young McCue's employer, laughs at the Italian's story about the pistol. The boy had no pistol, and the rag-picker's tale is characterized as a very weak story about the foul murder. Mr. Howell says young McCue was one of the best men in his employ, a sober, industrious and attentive youth. Great indignation exists against the murderer, and fears were entertained if he were taken to the Morgue to attend the inquest he might be seized and lynched. Upon making an examination of his person over \$300 in gold was found concealed in a leather belt which he wore around his waist. He had not put on a clean shirt for several months.

An Unfortunate's Farewell.

The following letter was found on the person of a suicide a few days since:

"TO WILLIE: As I am about to commit a deed against the laws of God and man, I leave this to show and to ease your mind, so you will say I am not on your trail. Oh, God, if you knew what I went through in the last seven months, I am sure you would give me at least the pleasure of calling you husband. Oh, Will, do you not love your child? If so, why not give it the right of other children—cover its disgrace? I care not for myself, as life is getting to be a monotony to me. I have much to say, but my mind is uneasy and I cannot write. I left San Francisco the next day after you, but lost track of you at St. Louis. Oh, Willie, I hope you did not think I was after money, as, God is my Judge, I was not. All I wanted was to amend the thing, so I could go into society and not be shunned by even the lowest classes. Did I not even sacrifice my home—all the comforts any young girl had? I placed confidence in you, and, oh, my God, it breaks my heart when I think of it, that I am deceived. Do not tell father anything about this. I know you are in the city, and I hope this may meet your eye. Good-by, and may God bless you and forgive you. Yours, LAURA."

"P. S.—Do not tell my name; let all die with me. LAURA."

The Columbia Opera House Case.

In the Court of General Sessions, on Tuesday, 30th ult., before Recorder Hackett, when Jacob Berry, who was convicted on the previous evening of keeping a disorderly house, was called to the bar for sentence, his counsel, Mr. Brooks, moved for a new trial and arrest of judgment, on the grounds that there was no evidence to show that the place was a common bawdy house of that character of nuisances contemplated by law, and that the verdict was against the weight of the evidence. Assistant District Attorney Bell, for the people, opposed the motion. His Honor then remarked that the motion of counsel for the defense was refused. He added that he never tried a case where the verdict was more satisfactory. He was astonished that the police should permit the existence of such places as the Columbia Opera House. He had no sympathy with such views, and in order to deter others from imitating so unworthy an example, he would impose a severe penalty. The offense was committed under the influence of a desire to gain, and regardless of the consequences. He was informed that there were two friends of the prisoner on the jury, and was glad to find that the verdict was rendered in accordance with the testimony. The sentence was imprisonment in the penitentiary for ten months, and a fine of \$150.

A Bloody Revenge.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., April 28.—Last week a man named Asa Roark, living in Allen County, was taken out by a gang of unknown men and shot to death. It is said that he was completely riddled with balls. It seems that during the war two men were taken from a church there, and murdered by a mob of Home Guards, claiming to belong to the Federal Army, Roark being one of the mob. Last week a party of ten men made their appearance on Punccheon Creek, and began to ferret out these murderers, offering \$500 reward for a clue. They succeeded in identifying Roark, and shot him to death. No one knows whence they came or went, though a brother of one of the men murdered at the church, it is said, headed the gang that came to avenge his brother's death.

CRIME'S CURRENT.

Some of the Wrecks of Humanity
Borne upon its Ensanguined and
Turbid Tide Towards

THE OCEAN OF ETERNITY,

And which, Stranded High and Dry in
the Domain of Justice, now Lie
Exposed to

THE TERRORS OF THE LAW.

MURDERER RESPITED.

CINCINNATI, O., May 3.—Jerry Anderson, who was to have been hanged in Maysville, Ky., has been respited to the 7th of June.

TO HANG FOR RAPE.

WHITBY, Ont., May 3.—Thomas Burke and John McPherson were convicted to-day of the murder of Mrs. Ellen Bennett, and were sentenced to be hanged on June 14 next. The prisoners entered the dwelling of deceased near Brougham on July 26 last and violated her person. The outrage resulted in Mrs. Bennett's death.

A HIRED ASSASSINATION.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 3.—Henry M. Darnall, Jr., a citizen of Pemiscot county, Mo., and a member of the last Legislature of that state, was killed in Lake county, Tenn., on the 27th ult., by William Shearer and a tenant of his. Shearer fled, but was overtaken the next day by the sheriff's posse and mortally wounded while attempting to escape from them. Before Shearer died he stated he had been hired to kill Darnall, but did not say by whom.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO BE HANGED.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 2.—Kate Southern, who fatally stabbed Miss Cowart in a ball-room in Pickens county, in a fit of jealousy, a year or two ago, was found guilty of murder on yesterday and sentenced to be hanged on June 21. Miss Cowart danced with Mrs. Southern's husband, and was killed while at his side. Southern took his wife's arm, drew his pistol and forced his way out guarded by relatives. The couple retreated to North Carolina, where they were captured three months ago. The trial was intensely exciting. Mrs. Southern had her baby in her arms when she was sentenced. Her husband's case was continued. An appeal has been made for stay of sentence.

PROBABLE MURDER OF A BURGLAR.

READING, Pa., May 3.—Last night in the village of Grater's Ford, J. Ashenfield saw a strange light in Henry Alderfer's Hotel, and aroused a neighbor, Daniel G. Landis. The two men went to the hotel. As they entered the hotel they encountered a man. They asked who he was, and instantly the stranger fired a pistol, and Landis dropped with a bullet in his left breast. The burglar retreated, and Ashenfield followed. Ashenfield struck the burglar on the head with a base ball bat knocking him senseless to the ground. The landlord and some of the neighbors were aroused by the noise and the burglar was carried into the hotel. The burglar soon revived and gave his name as John Kerns. He was in his stocking feet. On his person were found a lot of burglar tools and several dollars that had been stolen from the drawer of the hotel bar-room. Mr. Landis is not expected to live.

A PROSPECTIVE LYNCHING.

DEADWOOD, D. T., April 28.—The town was thrown into a state of intense excitement this evening by the brutal murder of Christ Hoffman, one of the most enterprising business men of Deadwood, by a man named Ed. Durham, who, after firing three shots into the defenseless man's body, ran up the side hill followed by a large crowd of persons, foremost among whom was Pat McHugh, proprietor of the I. X. L. Hotel, with a double barreled shot-gun. McHugh called to Durham to stop, when the latter wheeled around and pointed a revolver at him, but before it could be discharged McHugh's shot-gun belched forth leaden messengers with unerring aim, dropping Durham to the ground badly wounded. He was carried to jail. A large throng of citizens gathered in front of the building where Hoffman's body lay, and the whisperings of lynching increased to loud talk, and finally to speech-making by prominent men. Several advocated the immediate lynching of Durham as a check to the reckless lawlessness that is now rampant in the Hills. The soundest advice, that of letting the proper judicial authorities deal with the murderer, prevailed, and the throng dispersed. Durham says he killed Hoffman because he wouldn't pay some money due him. A heavy guard will be put around the jail to-night in anticipation of an attempt to lynch Durham.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE CASE.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 28.—Perry Cooper, a mulatto, aged twenty-five, was committed for the action of the grand jury to-day for alleged rape on Christina Frank, a white girl, sixteen

years old, daughter of a saloon-keeper. The hearing disclosed some shocking particulars. The attention of the girl's mother was directed yesterday to the fact that her daughter was enceinte. She at once demanded of Christina the name of the author of her shame and was informed that Cooper, who was employed in the saloon, had ravished her three or four months ago, and by threats and intimidation had enforced silence. The negro was arrested and given a hearing this morning, when the girl reiterated the statement made to her mother and stated that the outrage occurred in the kitchen. Her father was at work in the bar-room at the time, and although she made an outcry the alarm was not heard by her father, and the act was repeated by Cooper four distinct times that day. She admitted that it was her duty to awaken the negro in the morning, and frequently at such times she shared his bed, but claimed that she was compelled to do so by threats on his part. The negro, who has been in Frank's employ for four years, states that the disgusting intimacy has continued during that entire period, and that he was led to become a party to it by the representations of his predecessor, also a negro, who told him that he and the girl had been criminally intimate for a long time. He denied the outrage story, and claims that he frequently had intercourse with the girl and often at her solicitation. The latter is very prepossessing and gave her evidence in such a contradictory manner that the authorities are led to doubt its truth. It is not thought that the charge will hold before the grand jury.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

HOUSTON, Texas, April 27.—Of all the horrible and bloody assassinations that have for years disgraced Texas is the murder of Dr. R. P. Grayson near Ioni, Anderson county. The first published report of the affair falls far short of the real horror of one of the most cowardly, dastardly and shocking affairs ever committed in this state. The citizens around Ioni were fully aroused, and went in pursuit of suspected parties. Several young men were arrested. One of the number turned state's evidence and told the whole story in its horrible entirety. His statement is that on the night of the murder the other assassins sent word for him to meet them armed and mounted; he did not know their purpose until the meeting took place; they then informed him that he must accompany them and have some fun. In reply to his inquiry they said they were going to Dr. Grayson's house to kill him; he declined to go, but seeing his own life was at stake, thought best to do so. Having called the doctor out on pretense that one of the wives of the party was sick, they began firing and put seventy bullet-holes in the doctor's body; the victim made but few cries before his voice was hushed forever in the sight of his wife and family. The most horrible part of this midnight tragedy was the murdering of Mrs. Grayson, Dr. Grayson's wife. The fiends shot her through the window and as she lay in bed, whilst her three little children crouched and hid beneath it. A bullet penetrated the brain of the unfortunate woman, and she lay a corpse in the presence of her motherless innocents. Such affairs as this far surpass the most devilish atrocities of the Comanches. Anderson county, the scene of the murder, is in East Texas, and Ioni a station of the International and Great Northern Railway.

REVOLTING SEDUCTION CASE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 29.—A case of seduction and bastardy has just come to light here, which, from the circumstances surrounding the victim of it, is peculiarly disgusting in its nature. The victim is a young girl about sixteen years of age, usually known as Jennie Hughes, but her real name is said to be Mary Davis, who was received at the Franklin County Infirmary in 1869, and shortly after adopted by a family named Hughes, with whom she has been ever since. She has never been sent to any school, and has consequently grown up ignorant, and was therefore an easy prey for any one sufficiently depraved to attempt her ruin. During the past winter the family with whom she has been living on East Gay street say they thought she was afflicted with dropsy, but on calling in medical attendance, it was discovered that she was enceinte, and, Mary being taxed with the fact, acknowledged having had illicit connection with a young man named William Jenkins, a teamster, employed by a man whose stable adjoins the Hughes family's premises.

According to the statement of the girl, about the last of August, 1877, Jenkins, who had frequently called to see her, asked her to walk with him as far as the barn. She declined. He visited her three or four times during the next seven days, at the end of which time the walk he had proposed was taken, resulting in the accomplishment of his purpose. When Mr. Hughes discovered these facts he brought the girl back to the Infirmary, but after a few days she was returned to his house, where she is at present. Jenkins was then arrested on a warrant, and, after a preliminary hearing, was held in \$300 bail for his appearance at court. Jenkins asserts his innocence, and says that it is a trumped-up charge brought against him by the Hughes family, and proposes to fight it out.

A VILLAGE SENSATION.

Fierce Assault of a Husband on an Alleged Seducer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Rumors were set afloat some time ago to the effect that Mr. Edward Ackerman, the postmaster of Dobb's Ferry, Westchester county, in this state, who at that time filled the position of sexton of the Methodist church, and Mrs. Marshall, wife of Mr. John Marshall, carpenter, very frequently contrived to visit the church edifice together, the former under the pretence of attending to some duty there, and the latter to practise on the organ, and on the subject being brought before the church authorities they were both relieved from further membership. Mr. Marshall, however, scouted the idea of anything being wrong in the conduct of his wife, and thus matters stood until Wednesday evening, 24th ult. Mr. Marshall, who is quite popular with a large circle of acquaintances, and was selected by the working men's party at the late charter election as their candidate for president of the village, usually spends his evenings out among his companions, but on Wednesday, after a very brief absence from home, returned unexpectedly to his household. On approaching his house he observed, to his utter astonishment, in a lighted room, his wife in the fond embraces of the village postmaster, and in another moment saw the couple proceed up-stairs. After "waiting and watching" for a brief period, Mr. Marshall entered the house and stealthily followed up-stairs. He dragged Postmaster Ackerman to the floor, sat down upon him and commenced pounding him upon his head and face until the victim of his wrath presented a sad spectacle and cried out so lustily for quarter and assistance as to attract the attention of neighbors and a policeman, who entered the house and

SAVED HIM FROM FURTHER VIOLENCE.

Mr. Marshall then coolly repaired to the residence of Mr. Ackerman and rung the door bell. On its being answered by Mrs. Ackerman Mr. Marshall remarked to her: "I'm sorry to say anything unpleasant to you, but I've got to do it; the fact is, I have just caught your husband with my wife, and I have waxed him pretty badly for it, so if you find his beauty somewhat spoiled you'll know the cause of it."

Mrs. Marshall's maiden name was Georgiana Drake, step-daughter of Jonathan A. Briggs, jeweler, of this city. She was first married to a Mr. William Jackson, a gentleman of high social standing and some wealth at the time. She bore him one son, who was born deaf and dumb, and is now nearly twenty years old. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson made an extensive tour in Europe. Their means becoming exhausted, they returned to this city. Mr. Jackson applied to his relatives for pecuniary assistance, which was refused, except on condition that he would abandon his wife, whom they considered was too extravagant in her style of living and dressing to suit their notions. For some time Mr. Jackson refused to listen to the advice of his friends; but at length, being unable to provide for himself, wife and son, he yielded and abandoned his wife, and the latter, under the conviction that her husband was dead, and driven by her necessities married Mr. Marshall, a widower, about six years ago. Those who are acquainted with Mrs. Marshall say that for two or three years past she has shown signs of a disordered intellect. She is now about forty years old, but remarkably well preserved; of fair complexion, quite good looking, refined in her manners, and dresses with excellent taste.

A Love Tragedy.

A Mexican exchange contains a lengthy account of a terrible love tragedy which recently occurred at Guadalupe, capital of the state of Jalisco. We condense the facts as follows: A young, beautiful and wealthy widow had two suitors, the one being a talented medical student, and the other a dry goods clerk. The former, though graciously looked upon as a friend, met several reverses as a lover, and finally, for reasons not made public, was prohibited from calling upon the beautiful but bereaved widow. The dry goods clerk, on the contrary, was an Adonis ever warmly received by his Venus. His hopes for gaining the heart and hand of his idol increased daily, and attracted public attention. This produced ferocious jealousy and desperation in the mind of the more unfortunate rival. One day, a Friday (supposed to be an evil day in the calendar of gossips), the widow threw open her residence for the reception of friends. The attendance was large, and composed of the aristocracy of Guadalupe, and the second city of the republic in culture, taste and refinement. A grand ball followed the reception, and the finest music floated forth its harmony, to make the affair as delicious as it was brilliant. Among those in attendance were the young medical student and the dry goods clerk, the latter having considerable local fame as a poet. During the dizzy waltzes the student observed that his rival was the partner of the charming widow, a fact which intensified his jealousy. Unable to control himself the disciple of Esculapius startled the assemblage by insulting in the most elegant manner the dry goods clerk, and fol-

lowed this by challenging him to a duel there and then. The man of tape instantly accepted the challenge, and, being prepared for emergencies, the duel took place without unnecessary ceremony. The principals selected their seconds and, walking into the patio or court yard of the residence of the widow, commenced their deadly work. The first shot of the dry goods clerk was fatal, as was that of the medical student. Both were mortally wounded and expired in a few moments. The affair was conducted in such a cool and business-like way that the assemblage could scarcely believe anything had happened until they saw the two dead bodies lying in the patio. The woman in the case, beholding the terrible sight of which she was the prime cause, burst into tears and exclaimed: "My God! pardon me; I am innocent."

Trouble Behind the Scenes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The play of "The Exiles" in the new Park Theatre, Brooklyn, a short time since, was attended with unusual trouble behind the scenes, owing to the failure of the manager of the company, Mr. J. C. Duff, to pay the actors promptly. Colonel Sinn every night paid over to Mr. Morrissey, who was Mr. Duff's agent, one-half of the proceeds, which was Mr. Duff's share. A week's salary was due the company when they went to Brooklyn, and they were in a bad humor about their wages, but they were quieted by the promise that their pay would be ready on the next pay day, which was Wednesday, 24 ult., and that they would be sure of their salaries, as there were prospects of a good week. On Wednesday the company were disappointed again, and when they made a noise about it the more important members of the troupe were paid 75 per cent. of what was due them, but some were not paid at all.

On Friday following the actors, it is alleged, learned that Mr. Duff had already received as his share of the week's receipts \$1,900, and on that night the company were called together, behind the scenes, and it was decided to strike the next day for their pay. A committee was appointed to see Colonel Sinn on Saturday morning and warn him of their intention not to play on Saturday at the matinee, or in the evening, unless all the salaries due were paid up, including the salaries for the half week ending on Saturday night. Colonel Sinn said that he had paid over to Mr. Duff a sum that would meet all demands, and insisted that the company should not put him in the position of closing his theatre. He advised them to play as usual, as their refusal would jeopardize their claims to recover under the contract. The members of the company refused to play unless Colonel Sinn GUARANTEED THEIR SALARIES.

He consented to do this, and the rest of the performances were given, but with little spirit. Miss Kate Girard dropped out of the cast, and a spirit of languor possessed the other players. The palace of Irkoutz was burned in a hurry, and as soon as the red fire died out Mr. Eaves, the costumer, came on the stage to pack up the costumes. He had been paid his \$50 for the use of the costumes, but having a claim of \$150 against Mr. Duff, and fearing that the actors would seize the costumes for themselves, he concluded to take them away. He deposited them in the hall of his house, in Fulton street, near Clark.

On Sunday morning early, Colonel Sinn, Mr. Morrissey, and four of the actors went to Mr. Eaves's house to get the costumes, that the company might go to Providence, where they were billed to appear. While Colonel Sinn and Mr. Morrissey were talking with Mr. Eaves up-stairs, the actors seized the two boxes and pulled them into the street. Two of Mr. Eaves's men tried to regain them, and the struggle on the sidewalk in the rain attracted the attention of a throng and the police. The boxes were pulled to and fro by both parties, and their increasing anger once or twice seemed ready to explode in blows. Colonel Sinn interfered, and had the boxes replaced in the hall. He then told Mr. Eaves that, as the box of costumes had been intrusted to the safe keeping of the theatre manager, unless he came to a settlement with Mr. Duff he would have him arrested for grand larceny in taking the costumes out of the theatre without permission. Mr. Eaves at length agreed to let the wardrobe go, Mr. Duff to pay \$30 a week for its use, and pay the travelling expenses and salary of a man to take care of the costumes.

The company, which was somewhat disorganized, left for Providence the following day.

Wholesale Butchery.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 2.—The intelligence of a wholesale slaughter in the western part of this state has just reached this city. Luther Holbrook, Herman Allen and two brothers named Sutton were encamped on the Dismal River, trapping and hunting. To-day a letter was received from one Vansickler, who had a rancho twenty-seven miles from the camp, on Dismal River, stating that the body of Holbrook and one of the Sutton boys had been found with bullet holes through their heads. Parties have gone out to the scene of the murder.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

A Mysterious Female who Wanted to Argue a Point with Beecher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A matronly woman about thirty-five years old, with glossy curls falling over her shoulder, wrapped a light mantle about her in the Plymouth lecture room a few nights since and took a seat in the front row, right under Henry Ward Beecher's shadow. She was neatly dressed in black alpaca, with lace ruffles at her throat and at her wrists, and her hands were clothed with a fresh pair of black kids. She was a stranger, and her bold advance into a section of the room reserved by custom for those who back in Mr. Beecher's radiance attracted attention. Mr. Beecher strode leisurely in as though feeling a touch of spring fever, looked nervously at a quadrilateral made of gas pipes, erected for a private exhibition, and turned for comfort to the basket of flowers that a lady had sent for his table. When Dr. Edward Beecher prayed he referred to the fact that the church was surrounded by malign enemies, and yet had as its companions a legion of angels of light. The woman in black arose, tiptoed so close to him that her drapery almost brushed him, and passed down the aisle to the rear door. When Mr. Beecher began to talk, she tiptoed her way back, took her seat leisurely, folded her arms, and fixed her black eyes

INTENTLY ON MR. BEECHER.

The talk was about the requisites of a Christian life, his argument being that it was only necessary to dedicate oneself to Christ as Master. He said: "Will you make your whole life amenable to the commands of Christ? That is the simple question."

The woman in black leaned forward, her black eyes glistening with excitement, and said in a shrill voice, "Will you let a woman answer it?"

"When I get through, if it is proper, you may," said Mr. Beecher.

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you would hear me now," continued the woman.

Mr. Beecher was embarrassed, but he did not lose possession of his idea for a minute, and rattled on, amplifying the argument and picturing it with a quaint illustration. The woman in black eyed him, with a derisive smile on her face, and she seemed to be intensely anxious to get an opportunity to give her views. Mr. Beecher said that a man became a Christian as soon as he accepted the Master hand of the Lord Jesus Christ, and promised that he would hereafter conform his life to Christ's life and his spirit to Christ's spirit. The woman in black laughed, showing her pearly teeth, and turned for sympathy to her neighbors, but they

STARED AT HER IN SURPRISE.

As soon as Mr. Beecher ceased to talk, the lady threw her mantle back, and prepared to respond to Mr. Beecher's expected invitation to speak. The invitation didn't come. Mr. Beecher gave out "Nearer my God to thee," and the black-



MISS EMMA MINNEAR AND HER SEDUCER, ANDREW LLEWELLYN, SHOT BY MISS MINNEAR'S FATHER, AT MAHOMET, ILL.

robed woman waved her head, keeping time with the pianist's prelude, but kept her eyes riveted on Mr. Beecher, whose gaze was lost in the Plymouth collection. The sardonic smile on the face of the woman in black suddenly changed to an angry pout as the benediction was pronounced. She didn't bow her head as Mr. Beecher implored "Grace, mercy, and peace," and glared at him defiantly. As he closed she pounced over to the reporters and said excitedly: "I will answer him yet. He has his platform; I will have mine. He refused to hear me to-night, but he must hear me some time. He has crucified me here."

She sat down with as much energy as she had got up, pulled on her over-shoes, and hastened out, muttering angrily all the way.

The Examining Committee remained to receive applications for membership in Plymouth Church. Mr. S. V. White said that the committee had not yet received any charges against Mrs. Tilton, and he did not know that any were to be preferred. Three persons out of every four believed that Mrs. Tilton was crazy, and it was a foregone conclusion that she must leave the church. Some way would be adopted to get her out of the church with as little excitement as possible, but it was undisputed that she must go.

A Mysterious Sensation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Officer Gaffney, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, on Tuesday night, 30th ult., at Eighteenth street and Fifth avenue was startled by hearing screams from a carriage which was being driven rapidly down the avenue. The screams were again and again repeated and were followed by a woman's crying aloud for help. The officer promptly stopped the carriage, which was occupied by a man and a woman, both young and elegantly attired. The man was in full dress and wore diamonds, while his female companion was fashionably attired in rich silks. Both seemed to belong to the wealthy class of society, and by the elegance of their costumes appeared to be going to a reception or some place of entertainment. The woman was very much agitated; when questioned she complained that the man who occupied the carriage with her had assaulted her. She refused, however, to comply with the officer's instructions and to make a complaint at the police station to that effect. By the advice of the officer she left the carriage and separated from her companion. As the carriage was being driven away she caught hold of the door and was dragged quite a distance until the officer stopped the horses. She then proceeded to take the law in her own hands. She smashed the hat over the eyes of her late escort, tore his shirt and scratched his face. The officer with some difficulty pulled her away. She refused to state where she was going to or what relation she bore to the man with whom she had the difficulty. The officer took the two into custody, and locked them up in the Twenty-ninth precinct station house. The driver said that he had driven the man and woman to the St. Cloud Hotel, where they had partaken of some wine, after which they entered the carriage and ordered him to drive to West Tenth street, where the young lady claimed she lived. They were proceeding there when the officer interfered. At the station house the man gave his name as Thomas Warner, of 301 West Fourteenth street, and the lady registered herself as Alice Warner, of the Grand Union Hotel. She claimed to be his wife.

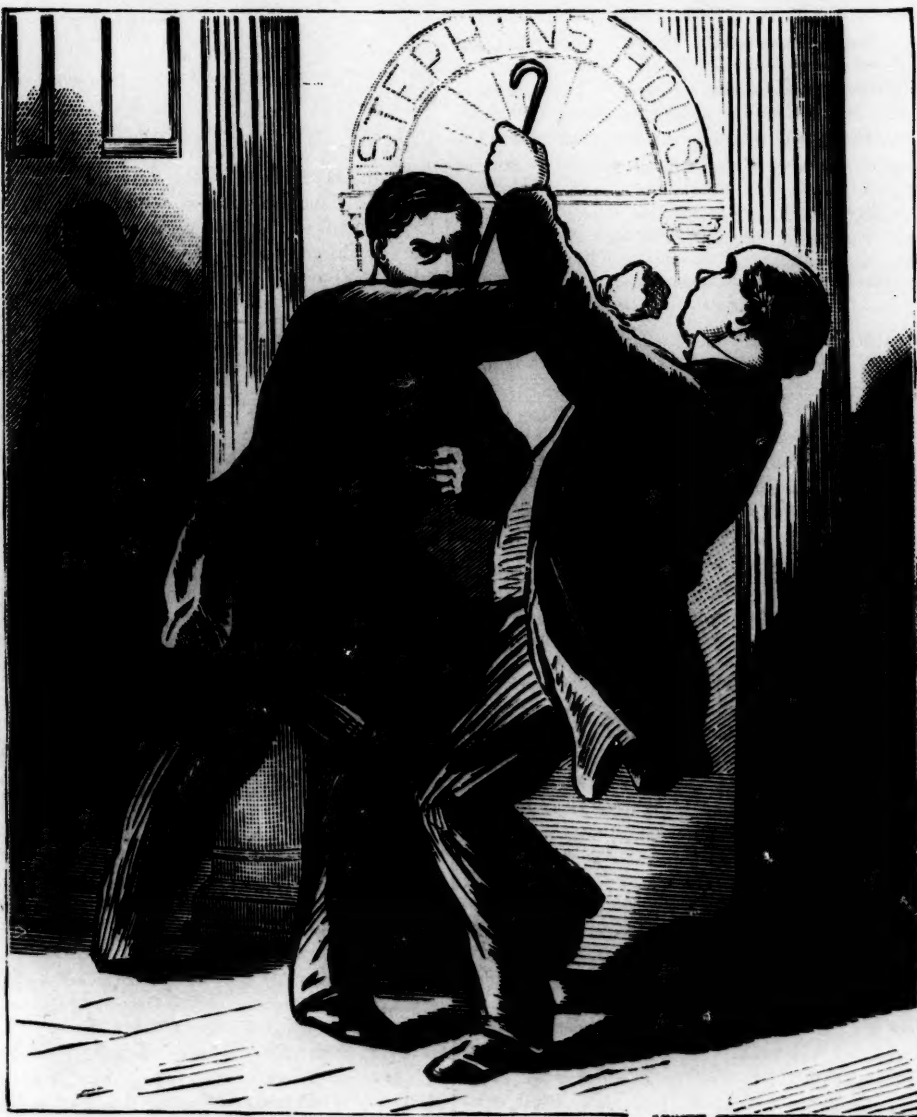
An Officer Murdered.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, April 30.—George Rockwell, of this place and deputy sheriff of the county, was shot and killed by Amos Inskeep, this afternoon. Rockwell had levied on some horses owned by Inskeep and was leaving the place when Inskeep fired on him from his concealment in the woodhouse. The ball struck Rockwell in the middle of the back and passed entirely through his body.

Homicidal Celestials.

DEADWOOD, D. T., May 1.—Another fracas occurred last night, at South Bend, two miles up Deadwood gulch, between two Chinamen, resulting in the probable death of one of them.



FIGHT BETWEEN SENATOR HOGAN AND EX-SENATOR FOX, NEW YORK.



THE WOMAN IN BLACK—SHE MAKES A SENSATION IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

A Rabid Cat.

(Subject of Illustration.) Frederick Sager, a car driver in the employ of the Hoboken and Union Hill Railway Company, on Tuesday, 30th ult., reported to Captain Werner, of the Third precinct police station, Jersey City, that his wife and three children had been bitten by a cat. Officer Dougherty was sent to Sager's residence, 22 Sherman avenue, Jersey City Heights, and there he found Sager's statement to be true. Mrs. Rebecca Sager was suffering from several bites and scratches on the right arm. Nettie Sager, aged twelve, was bitten in the face, directly under the left eye; her face and nose were badly lacerated. Louis Sager, aged four, was bitten in the right leg, and Margaret Sager, aged nine, was bitten in the feet. The officer summoned Dr. Hornblower who cauterized the wounds and prescribed a wash to be applied to the lacerated flesh. The cat was shot by the police officer.

A reporter on Tuesday night, 30th ult., visited the injured family at their home on the top floor of the house, 22 Sherman avenue. Mrs. Sager said that the cat had been in the family for several months, and was quite a pet with the children. She could not account for its sudden madness, and explained that the feline had been running around the kitchen as usual, when the little boy, Louis, slammed the door so roughly that Mrs. Sager slapped him on the back to chastise him. As she attempted to slap him a again the cat sprang upon her and fastened her teeth in her arm. The woman shook the animal off, and it bit her in another place—this time scratching her with her paws. Mrs. Sager's daughter Nellie attempted to pull the cat away,

and the animal turned on her. The other children becoming frightened, attempted to run, and the cat attacked them. Dr. Hornblower said he would not express an opinion as to whether there was any danger of hydrophobia.



COAL REGION POLICE OFFICIALS.—1—MICHAEL DUGAN, CHIEF OF POLICE, CARBONDALE, PA. 2—TERRENCE V. POWDERLY, MAYOR OF SCRANTON, PA. 3—P. DE LACY, CHIEF OF POLICE, SCRANTON, PA. 4—WILLIAM KELLY, CHIEF OF POLICE, WILKESBARRE, PA.

More Feminine Depravity.

ROSE HILL, Texas, April 25.—A day or two ago the people of the lower portion of Montgomery county were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement in consequence of another elopement

of a white girl with a negro, similar to that of Miss Fannie McGuire in the same section, a short time ago which led to the terrible tragedy of Riverside, in which the negro Walker Dering was shot to death. The last elopement of a Caucasian female with a negro occurred three miles north of Rose Hill. Mr. Diederich, a well-to-do and comfortably settled German farmer, has, or had, an only daughter, who was also his only child, her mother being dead. Miss Bertha Diederich was seventeen, well educated, a beautiful blonde, with light hair, azure eyes and a sylph-like form, weighing only ninety pounds. She was just emerging from girlhood to womanhood, and not a breath of suspicion had tarnished her fair name or that of her father. Two years ago the latter hired a young negro man named Dan Daniels to work on his farm. Daniels was a good deal about the house and in the company of Miss Diederich, and a few days ago the father discovered signs of intimacy between the daughter and the negro. He severely reprimanded her and she promised not to speak to him again. That night father and daughter retired to bed as usual. In the morning he arose to find his daughter gone to parts unknown, she having taken her clothes and some other articles. His astonishment only equaled his grief. At last accounts parties of friends of the broken-

hearted old man, were scouring the country in all directions, intending to lynch the negro if they caught him.

On Thursday the body of an infant was found in the stove of a baggage car, at Buffalo, N. Y.



MRS. SAGER ATTACKED BY A RABID CAT, JERSEY CITY.



FRIGHTFUL OUTRAGE ON YOUNG HAWKES, SALEM, OHIO.

RUFFIANLY REVENGE.

Dastardly Murder of a Successful Rival by a Rejected Suitor in the Presence of

THE REJECTING FAIR ONE.

A Terrible Tragedy Which Shocked the Quiet Community of Mooreville, Mississippi.

ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

MOOREVILLE, Miss., April 25.—A tragedy occurred near this place which, in all its details, forms one of the most interesting and sensational chapters in the criminal history of Mississippi. About two years ago Jacob Travis, an old and wealthy citizen of this neighborhood, removed to Texas. His family consisted of two sons and four daughters, one of the latter, Miss Sella Travis, being a highly accomplished and fascinating young lady, who was esteemed as one of the belles of the best society in our midst. John Simpson, a young man reared also in the neighborhood, was one of the many admirers of Miss Travis, and when he found that the Travis family was going to Texas, he prosecuted his suit with a warmth which became the talk of the neighborhood. Simpson is the son of Jesse R. Simpson, who was formerly a prominent lawyer in Louisa county, Virginia, but who emigrated to Mooreville a year after the close of the war for the purpose of bettering his fortunes, and turning his attention to farming soon succeeded in gaining a solid and substantial hold in this country.

Young Simpson had all the advantages of education and social refinement in his rearing and was esteemed a good match for Miss Travis by almost everybody in the neighborhood, except the young lady herself. She had another suitor upon whom she lavished the wealth of her affection—Frank Arnott, a young physician of this place, but she did not impart this fact to any of her friends until a week before the date fixed for the departure of her family for the Lone Star State. Being approached by one of her female friends Miss Travis admitted that she loved Dr. Arnott, and if the latter asked her she

INTENDED TO MARRY HIM.

The Travis family, however, did not like Dr. Arnott because he sometimes indulged in the flowing bowl, and made very silly exhibitions of himself before the public. This particular feature in the Doctor's character appeared very romantic to the young lady, however, as when in that condition he quoted poetry, assumed dramatic positions and sang songs of love promiscuously. All this greatly pleased the young lady, while it equally displeased and disgusted her parents and intimate friends.

So, on the second day before their departure for Texas, the father of the young lady flatly refused to give his consent to the marriage of his daughter to Dr. Arnott, and cheerfully gave the latter his reasons for refusing his consent. The Doctor left the Travis mansion, got on a "spree" and remained so for ten days, his friends taking as good care of him as possible under the circumstances. But few persons knew the real cause of the Doctor's troubles. Young Simpson found out that the "old man" had refused to give his consent to Miss Sella's marriage to the Doctor, and he took heart from this fact, and three weeks after the Travis family were encoined in their Texas home Simpson suddenly arrived there and renewed his suit with Miss Travis, but with no greater success than formerly, and after an absence of five weeks he returned to Mooreville a sadder and somewhat wiser man than before. All this occurred over two years ago, and the facts had to a great extent been forgotten, when the unexpected return of the whole Travis family to their old home brought back to the memories of our citizens all

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Being unsuccessful in his Texas ventures, Mr. Travis concluded to return here and remain the balance of his days. The family returned about five months ago and soon resumed their former relations in the neighborhood. In the meantime both Dr. Arnott and young Simpson had pursued the even tenor of their ways, and when Miss Travis returned from Texas, more lovely, if possible than ever, she found both her former lovers ready to do her bidding. She had remained heart-whole and fancy-free during her sojourn in Texas, and when she resumed her former position in the society of Mooreville, she allowed both her old admirers to pay court to her, and positively refused on several occasions to inform either one of them which of the two she intended finally to accept and make happy. Her conduct in this respect caused no little gossip, and she was accused by some of her female friends of being a coquette or a flirt and heartless. Of course, sooner or later such a condition of affairs was bound to end in trouble; and last night

this entire community was shocked and horrified at the sad ending of this unpleasant social scandal.

The house of Mr. Travis has a back porch and several rooms of the house open upon this porch—one of the number being that of Miss Travis. One of her younger sisters roomed with her, but she was absent last night at the house of a friend some distance in the country. Several members of the family, including the young lady herself and Dr. Arnott had been eating strawberries on this back porch, after supper, and when the family retired for the night, Dr. Arnott and Miss Travis were left sitting on the steps of the porch, where they remained conversing until about 9 o'clock, when the Doctor bid the young lady good-night and left. Just as the Doctor turned the corner of the house going out to the front gate, he was struck in the face a severe blow with a heavy cane, and

FELL TO HIS KNEES.

While he was rising from this position, young Simpson demanded to know what he was doing prowling around the room of Miss Travis. Seeing that his antagonist was Simpson the Doctor refused to make any answer, but replied that Simpson was a coward thus to strike him in the dark. This occurred within ten feet of the young lady's room, and when she heard angry voices under her window, she threw it open and could easily distinguish both the Doctor and Simpson. Miss Travis asked the Doctor what was the matter, and he replied that Simpson had accused him of prowling around her room, and had struck him in the face with a club. Simpson became very angry at this, and commenced abusing the lady, calling her a flirt, a harlot, and other insulting names which so angered her that she ran from her room to the place where the two men were standing and slapped Simpson in the face, telling him he was no better than a dog, and accusing him of attempting to murder Dr. Arnott. Her loud tone of voice aroused the whole family, and Simpson becoming alarmed, dared Arnott to leave the yard and go out into the public road with him. Miss Travis prevented the Doctor from going, and notified Simpson that she did not wish him ever to speak to her again, concluding by denouncing him as a would-be assassin. This was more than Simpson could stand, and he made an effort as if he intended to strike the young lady, when the Doctor stepped in front of him and endeavored to strike him in the face. Simpson stepped back a few paces, drew a pistol and fired at the Doctor twice, each ball producing

A MORTAL WOUND.

Dr. Arnott fell heavily on his face to the ground and expired in less than two minutes. Seeing that his work was well done, Simpson ran up to Miss Travis, seized her by the hand, pulled her down on the body of the Doctor and hissed in her ears that she was to blame for it all, and left the yard on a run. The Travis family were so alarmed that it was five minutes before any one came to the spot, and when the father at last got there the young lady was in a swoon. When she was restored she told the facts as above stated.

Simpson went at once to his father's residence after the murder, got some clothing and a horse and left without telling any one of the occurrence. On the bureau he left this note:

April 24, 1878.

DEAR FATHER: I was forced to kill Arnott. Both he and Sella drove me to it. Do not look for me as I will never be seen here again. Sell my land and put the money away till I send for it. Good by. Your son, JOHN.

A coroner's inquest was held over the body of Dr. Arnott to-day, and over forty witnesses were examined. The father of Simpson employed an attorney to represent him, and most of the facts herein recited were elicited from witnesses by the cross-examination of the lawyer who represented Simpson. An attempt was made to show that young Simpson had an appointment to meet Miss Travis in her room last night, and that that was the cause of his appearance in the yard at that time, but no one knew anything about it. The verdict of the jury was that Dr. Arnott came to his death by a pistol shot at the hands of John Simpson, and a warrant was issued for the latter upon a charge of murder. Miss Travis is to-day in a critical condition and her physician expresses the opinion that if she recovers, her reason will be destroyed. A reward of \$300 is offered for the arrest of Simpson, but no one knows his whereabouts.

A Brutal Black's Conviction.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., April 30.—Benjamin Ponsley, the negro arrested near Lincoln Station last February for an assault upon Miss Martha Keen, a prepossessing young lady of about nineteen, was arraigned to-day. Miss Keen testified that the negro met her while returning from the store to her home, and dragged her from the path. She screamed, and the man struck her and drew a knife, threatening to kill her. She became unconscious, but upon recovering thought he wanted money, and told him he would find some in the basket dropped by the wayside. He started away, and she again became unconscious and remained so until found. A confession made by the negro after his arrest was read, and the jury rendered a verdict of guilty.

A SICKENING TRAGEDY.

St. Louis, Mo., April 29.—The coroner held an inquest to-day upon Nellie Clark, the white woman supposed to have been murdered by John Cordry, the black wretch whose mistress she was. The body was in a frightful condition, and the evidences of Cordry's brutal treatment were numerous and sickening. There were bruises on the nose, the head, the jaw, the throat, the neck, the bosom, and all over her body. The upper lip was cut in a shocking manner, and the left ankle joint was dislocated. A bruise on the right hip showed where a heavy kick had been planted. On opening the skull it was found congested with blood, and especially in the roof of the skull. Blood flowed from the left ear. There was also a fracture of the temporal bone. On opening the abdomen evidences were discovered of peritonitis, also caused by the beating which the woman has received. The bowels were very much inflamed, and the intestines had been displaced by a heavy kick on the right side. The evidence given was chiefly by negro prostitutes, who were witnesses to the abuse of the deceased. Kate Seymour said: On Friday night between ten and eleven o'clock, she saw John Cordry and Millie Squires, Sue Miller and Nellie Clark, the deceased. Cordry said to Nellie Clark, "Come home with me, now." Nellie answered, "I don't want to go." Upon this Cordry knocked her down and stamped on her stomach with all his might. He used his boot heel. She laid still as much as ten minutes. He then picked her up and carried her to the witness' hall door. Afterward, with the help of a colored man, he carried her across the alley to his own door. Susan Miller, another colored woman testified that at the time of the difficulty she was on St. Charles street, between Seventh and Eighth. John Cordry came to the house and asked Millie Squires if she knew where his wife was. She said no; she was in there, meaning her room. He then asked whether he could come in, and she said yes. Cordry went in the house and found Nellie Clark there. He asked her to go home with him, and she said she would not. Then he asked her what made her go away from home, and whether he had done anything to her. She said no, he had not done anything to her. He again asked her to go home, and she refused. She said she was afraid he would beat her. He hauled off then and hit her in the face. She fell on her back and he stamped on her stomach with his heel. She laid there a right smart time, and then he picked her up and carried her across the street, and then got a colored man to help carry her home. When they got to the hall way she gave a groan. This was the first sound she uttered after she was knocked down. The witness couldn't say whether Cordry and Nellie Clark were drunk or not. Millie Squires gave substantially the same story. Nellie Clark came to her house. Millie told her she had better go home. She refused, saying that she was afraid John would beat her. Subsequently, when John came and inquired after her, she (Millie) said that Nellie wasn't there. He said, "You G—d—d liar, she is in there." He rushed in the house, and she tried to get out of the back door. He jumped on the bed, grabbed her, and gave her a slap. He said, "Won't you go home with me?" She said, "No; I'm afraid you'll beat me." He hauled off then and knocked her down. She fell like a beef. The jurors listened to this kind of evidence till they were tired, and then gave a verdict that the woman had been murdered by Cordry. The victim was once the wife of a man named Lee who was a captain in an Illinois regiment. He lives in Chicago or that vicinity.

An Incurable Prostitute.

Detective Maguire, of the Fourteenth precinct, brought to the Tombs Police Court on Tuesday a handsome and neatly dressed young woman, whom he charged with soliciting. The innocent looking face of the prisoner and her quiet and ladylike appearance induced Judge Bixby to inquire particularly into her antecedents, with a view to effect, if possible her reform. In answer to his questions she stated that her home was near Oswego, from which place she had recently come, having been brought to New York by her seducer. She expressed herself perfectly satisfied with her condition, and declined to take the Judge's advice to return to her home. The clerks, who by this time had also become interested, suggested a subscription to pay her way home, and in a few minutes \$3 were subscribed. The Court offered the money to the young woman provided she would take the train back home, but she quietly and firmly refused to accept it. Further talk, expostulation and advice proved futile. At last Judge Bixby allowed her to go, hoping that mature reflection would convince her of the error of her ways. The young woman's name is Bella Davis.

The Winindger Tragedy.

(With Portraits.)

On Sunday, the 2d of December last, the city of Norfolk, Va., was shocked by the announcement that Miss Mollie L. Winindger had been shot and instantly killed by Benjamin F. Godfrey in the house of her father who enter-

taining her slayer as a guest. The cause of the crime was the young lady's refusal to marry him. A full account of the tragedy was given in the GAZETTE at the time. Godfrey was arrested, duly indicted for murder and his trial continued to the April term of the court. The conclusion of the trial, which was one of the most exciting ever held in that vicinity, was recently reached, resulting, after the detailing of the facts already given, in the conviction of Godfrey of murder in the second degree. In accordance with this verdict he was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of eighteen years. Authentic portraits of Godfrey and Miss Winindger will be found on another page.

Coal Region Police Officials.

(With Portraits.)

Michael Dugan, Chief of Police, Carbondale, Pa., was educated in New York. On his removal to Carbondale in 1862, he joined a company of volunteers of which he was chosen Orderly Sergeant. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Board of City Auditors. In 1868 he was appointed by the City Council Superintendent of Streets. Like her numerous sister cities of the coal fields Carbondale had become the abode of terrorism and lawlessness. So numerous and violent were the outrages perpetrated on her streets, that the City Council in 1870 sought relief in the establishment of a police force, of which Mr. Dugan was appointed Chief. The manner in which he discharged his duties was so satisfactory to the law-abiding portion of the community that he has been annually re-elected to that position. With the Pinkerton Detectives he took an active part in the arrest and conviction of the Carbondale Bank robbers, and was present in the court-room when the members of the gang detailed upon the witness stand the diabolical plot "to put him out of the way," concocted at their midnight meetings in the coal mines and grave-yard.

Mr. Terrence V. Powderly, Mayor of Scranton, Pa., was born in Carbondale, Pa., in 1849. He learned the trade of a machinist and joined Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union, No. 2, and was but a short time a member when he was elected President. When he served his term he was elected Secretary, which position he has held almost continuously for the last eight years. In the fall of 1873, when the panic swept over the country, Powderly, with many others, was suspended and went to Oil City. While in Oil City he was elected Deputy President of the Industrial Brotherhood of the State of Pennsylvania, receiving his commission from that staunch labor advocate, Robert Schilling, of Ohio. Not wishing to remove his family to Oil City he returned to Scranton and obtained a situation in the Dickson Manufacturing Company's shop. He distinguished himself as an active worker in the greenback and financial reform movement and was elected Mayor on the Greenback-Labor party ticket.

P. De Lacy, Chief of Police of Scranton, was born in the city of Carbondale, November 27, 1836. He learned the trade of a tanner and currier. At the breaking out of the late civil war he became an officer in the 143d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Dana commanding. He has filled many offices of trust in his party, and was for five years Deputy United States Marshal for the western district of Pennsylvania; was a member of the Legislature for the sessions of 1872-3 and 1873-4. Previous to his appointment as Auditor he was a Deputy under Sheriff Kirkendall. April 10th, 1877, he was appointed Chief of Police of Scranton by Mayor R. R. McKune and was confirmed by Select Council October 3d, 1877. He is a man of strict integrity, of unimpeachable character and a good citizen.

William Kelly, Chief of Police of Wilkesbarre, has the reputation of being one of the most able, popular and energetic officers in the state, and has had high tribute paid him, both from official and private sources for general efficiency as well as for special services in notable cases. He has played a prominent part in connection with several memorable criminal affairs, not the least of which is to be mentioned his experience during the Molly Maguire reign of terror.

The Mahomet Tragedy.

(With Portraits.)

Among our portraits in the current issue we give authentic likenesses of Miss Emma Minnear and her seducer, Andrew A. Llewellyn, of Mahomet, Ill. An account of the shooting of the latter by the father of Miss Minnear, near that town, with an illustration of the tragedy, was given in our issue of the 20th ult. The matter created intense excitement in that vicinity, owing to the aggravated circumstances of Llewellyn's conduct, not only in regard to the young lady in question but towards other members of Mr. Minnear's family, and other misdeeds, which had gained him a very bad reputation in the neighborhood. Mr. Minnear's act, summary as it was, met, therefore, with the very general approval of all classes, wonder only being expressed that he had not taken such action long before in view of Llewellyn's audacity and open insolence, in addition to the wrongs he had inflicted upon the family.

ANOTHER CAMDEN MURDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 28.—Camden, N. J., yet reeking with the blood of poor Armstrong, who was killed for the insurance of \$26,000 on his life, again rings with the news of even a greater atrocity, for this time it is two, a man and woman, that are killed, but instead of the murderous blow of a hatchet in a man's hand, the double death comes by poison administered by the hand of a woman. Reckless and Hannah Bishop, husband and wife, were well-to-do old people residing in Berlin, near Camden. Their means were such that they kept a housekeeper, this being Emma Bethel, to who no gossip has hitherto spoken ill. Reckless was sixty-seven years old and Hannah fifty-three. They had left their farm in Camden county to pass their old age in the pleasant little town near which they grew up, courted, married, and raised a family. Emma Bethel began to live with them several years ago. Miss Bethel remained in the family and kept on seeing that the old folks' dinner was properly set. At one of these dinners on Wednesday, April 3, Mrs. Bishop was taken ill suddenly and alarmingly. She complained of cramps in the stomach, and was put to bed, pale and failing in strength. The family physician in Berlin was not long coming to the Bishop mansion, but Mrs. Bishop soon passed away from his treatment. At the funeral Miss Bethel, then unsuspected, was in attendance. The day after the funeral, April 6, old Reckless Bishop got up from the table with the same grippings and torturing cramp in the stomach. The doctor came in hot haste, but old Reckless died, too. The family buried Reckless by the side of Hannah, and the bodies rested in the old orchard until Berlin tongues spread abroad the burden of Berlin's idea. This idea was that Miss Bethel had poisoned the Bishops. Drifting across the country to the ears of the authorities the rumor stopped for a day. Then the bodies were exhumed and pieces of the intestines were obtained. Being sent over to Dr. A. E. Thomas, of this city, he passed the pieces on to Professor Stephens, of Girard College, for analysis. Various effective tests were applied by Professor Stephens, who reported that he could find nothing in the intestines which would positively indicate the presence of arsenic or other poisonous substances. Professor Stephens then wrote to Berlin for

THE LIVERS OF THE DEAD BODIES.

These were re-examined the other day, and upon additional facts obtained, it is supposed the arrest of Miss Bethel was made. Emma Bethel the housekeeper, confessed to the Camden county authorities yesterday that she poisoned Reckless and Hannah Bishop, the latter on Wednesday, the 3d inst., and the husband on Saturday, the 6th. Her statement is as follows: Upon the death of the old man, the son, George Bishop, drove her from the house. She was suspected by the people of Berlin of foul dealing and made haste to leave the village, going to the home of her uncle at Ashland, a small place just out of Camden. Last week she visited a family named Clark in Ellendale, Camden county, some seven miles from Camden. Her nights had been sleepless, and during the day the most poignant remorse had possessed her. She was becoming nervous, and felt that she could bear the burden of her crime no longer. Therefore, being kindly treated by the Clarks, she on Tuesday confessed her guilt to that family and sought their advice as to the proper course to take. The Mr. Clark said that she filtered arsenic into the food of Mrs. Bishop, the poison having been procured and mixed by Frank Willets, a son-in-law of the old couple. After the funeral of the first victim she aided in the taking off of the other in the same way. Mr. Clark came at once to Camden and gave the startling facts to Sheriff Danbman who lost no time in placing the woman under arrest. Willets and George Bishop were also sought and found and on Friday morning looked up in the county prison. At the private hearing on Friday night, when the Bethel girl was questioned by Prosecutor Jenkins before Mayor Ayres and Sheriff Danbman, she gave a full account of her connection with the Bishops the motives that induced her to poison the old people, and the act of poisoning. Whatever the evidence against the male prisoners, in the opinion of the officers, it was not strong enough to require a commitment for trial. Willets and Bishop were held in \$2,000 bail each to appear as witnesses, and the woman was sent back to the women's department, that her case may go before the grand jury which sits on the 7th of next month. Emma Bethel lived with the Bishops about two years. Some time last spring she was sent away because the old lady fell to disliking her. Soon after George Bishop got her reinstated as housekeeper. She is a married woman and has one child. Her husband left her about a year ago. He is now living in Pittsburgh.

Killed by a Rattlesnake.

[Subject of Illustration.]

GREENWOOD, Mo., April 18.—On Wednesday last, in the afternoon, a four-year-old child of Lee Hanley, living five miles west of this place, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and died from the effects of the bite last night. Before medical aid could be summoned the poison had entirely saturated the system.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Deeds Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

THE case of Charles Forkner, for alleged rape upon Emma Fetta, was commenced in the Wayne, Ind., Circuit Court on the 3d ult.

A NEGRO named Harry Jenkins cut his wife's throat from ear to ear at San Antonio, Texas, 3d inst. No hopes of her recovery; jealousy.

AT Detroit, Mich., on the 30th ult., Henry Baroman, Andrew Hughes, Clarence McKee, James Rosenberg, Dan Kreehand and Charles Alders were arrested for the murder of Alexander Miller, at Norris, Mich., on April 22.

OFFICER Cresswell shot John Poorman, at Bellaire, Ohio, on the 30th ult., while he was attempting to force an entrance into the residence of a woman. Poorman was recently married to a very respectable young lady of this city.

AT Merrimack, N. H., two female tramps entered a residence while the family were out, went into the spare room and went to bed. In the morning they rose, dressed, and gave the family the first knowledge of their presence by demanding breakfast.

NEAR Fairmount, Ill., on the 29th ult., Wright and McDaniel, two respectable farmers and neighbors, had a fight with knives; Wright received two cuts in his side, which may prove fatal. The trouble grew out of an old quarrel. McDaniel was arrested.

TWO horse-thieves, names unknown, while attempting to ford Cheyenne river, one hundred miles from Deadwood, D. T., on the 30th ult., were drowned. Their horses, which were stolen from Mrs. Scott's ranch at Jenny's stockade, were found on the bank of the river.

DURING a quarrel on Monday, 29th ult., at Clyde, O., between Eli Cupp and William Hayes, the former was shot three times and fatally wounded by the latter, one shot taking effect in his mouth, one in his left breast, one in his left shoulder. He died twenty minutes after.

A CUTTING affray occurred at the iron bridge, Carlisle, on the 3d ult., between Samuel Ann and Edward Dunham. Ann stabbed Dunham twice, once in the ribs and once in the face, inflicting dangerous wounds, which may prove fatal. Ann was arrested and placed in jail to await trial.

AT Deadwood, D. T., on Sunday night, 28th ult., James D. May discharged three chambers of his revolver at Mollie Hickey, a frail daughter of sin. One of the bullets struck Mollie's breast and glanced off without serious damage. A second one carried off one of her fingers. Jealousy is assigned as the cause of the trouble.

AT Greenfield, Ind., on Sunday afternoon an altercation took place between B. E. Linchback and John V. Cook, Democratic candidate for sheriff, in which the former stabbed Cook twice with a pocket knife. One wound is in the region of the heart and the other on the right arm. It is thought Cook's wounds will prove fatal.

A DIFFICULTY over a game of cards occurred in a saloon in New Orleans on the 30th ult., between Wm. A. Gibson and J. R. Lawless in which Gibson was stabbed by Lawless, from the effects of which he died in half an hour. Lawless was imprisoned, charged with murder. They were both pilots on the steamboat Fanchon.

THE body of August Baumgartner, of Union Hill, Hoboken, was found floating in North river on Sunday, 28th ult. Foul play is suspected, as the face was crushed in and the neck bore marks of strangulation. He has been missing since the 9th of April, and had a watch and some money when seen alive, but now his pockets are empty.

GEORGE FERGERT, whose trial for the murder of Jacob Wardin has occupied the attention of the Circuit Court, at Belleville, Ill., for two days, was found guilty by the jury on the 30th ult., and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of seven years. The killing took place in Madison county, and the case was brought here on a change of venue.

THE trial of David and Jacob Hudlow, for the murder of Rudolph Meyer, on the 23d of December last, will take place during the May term of Pekin, Ill., Circuit Court. The evidence elicited at the preliminary examination was rather strong against them. The reward offered by the governor, county, and the partner of the deceased, was what worked up the case.

THE trial, at Sidney, Cuyahoga county, Neb., of Mrs. Mary D. Walrath, for the murder of Charles Phillips, resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The case created the most intense excitement. Popular opinion indorses the verdict. She is a young and beautiful woman of twenty years of age and has been convicted entirely on her own confession.

THE post-office of Marshall, Texas, was robbed on Sunday night, 28th ult., at 12 o'clock. Judge J. D. McAdoo was in the office writing, when two men entered, armed with pistols, which they pointed at him, one saying in a plain undertone, while pointing at the safe, "Open it, Judge." The Judge opened the safe and the robbers extracted \$2,000 in money and several hundred dollars' worth of stamps.

CITY Marshal George O'Connor, of Leadville, a mining camp in the south, near Denver Col., was shot last night by a policeman named Fred, alias "Texas" Bludworth. The assailant shot six times, three bullets taking effect in the breast. The wounds are fatal. The difficulty originated through Bludworth fearing he would be discharged from the force. He escaped, but is pursued by a posse.

CHARLES TORR murdered James A. Parker at Palmyra, N. Y., on the night of the 29th ult. The quarrel was over a trivial matter. Both were intoxicated. Torr quickly became exasperated at a taunt, and drawing a knife plunged it into the breast of Parker. The latter fell heavily on the pavement, fractured his skull, and died almost instantly. The murderer escaped. He is a swarthy half-breed, and a miserable wretch.

OFFICERS are beating the bush in a very lively manner in search of a young man named Christopher Shurr, who has played the part of a gay deceiver toward Miss Emma J. Stine, daughter of a well-to-do farmer residing four miles west of Bucyrus, Ohio, and who now bids fair to become a mother, yet not a wife. Shurr is giving the officers a hard chase, but his chances for escape are slim, as he has lived here for some time, and is well known to the authorities.

MRS. JACOB SCHAEFFER, of Greenwood township, Christian county, living some eight miles northwest of town, was assaulted by a tramp on Sunday afternoon, 28th ult., while the family were at church. She was severely cut across the neck by a knife in the

hands of the miscreant, and her skull fractured and shoulder broken by an ax, with which he also struck her. The object was robbery, though only a little money was obtained. Officers are now in pursuit of the fiend, and if caught he will probably straighten hemp.

ON the night of the 29th ult. four masked men broke into the ranch of John R. Smith, near Fort McKinney, stole everything of value in the house, and ran off four horses and two mules. A party of twenty cavalrymen, under the famous scout Frank Giraud, left Fort McKinney to scour the country for the thieves. The road between Fort Fetterman and McKinney is so infested with organized bands of horse-thieves, that travel with horses or mules is almost impossible, the thieves running off the animals at every opportunity. A vigilance committee is strongly talked of.

WILLIAM LEWIS, one of the Mollie Maguire who infested the coal regions at Irwin's Station on the Pennsylvania Railway, is under arrest. When the organization was unearthed, Lewis and a dozen other miners fled the country. Lewis was tracked to Kentucky, thence through Maryland, Oil City and to the coal mines of Somerset county, where he was taken while at work. He is in Greensburg (Pa.) Jail for firing the coal tips of the Westmoreland and Pennsylvania Coal Companies. He was also with Carroll a short time before he was murdered.

THE interest in the Coal Creek murders in the vicinity of Covington Ind., is unabated. Every citizen seems to look upon the crime as a matter of personal concern, and demand a vindication of the laws and the punishment of the guilty. There is little new in the testimony of witnesses of the defense, which is now closed, and which, with the rebutting testimony, concluded the day's proceedings. Fears are entertained that a decision unfavorable to the prisoners will be met with violence; as most of them are in possession of arms. The order of Adjutant-General Rush to remove the arms of the Wabash Guards has been observed by taking a part of them to Cross-fork, one mile from Stringtown.

SOME month or two ago, and about midnight, John P. Griffin, express agent at Paris, North Texas, was carrying to the depot, for transmission to St. Louis, a package of \$10,000. Arriving at the depot, he pretended that he had been knocked down and robbed of the money, and made a tremendous fuss about the outrage, giving a description of an imaginary stranger whom he alleged was the thief. His brother, Morris Griffin, was a party to the plot, and, in an evil moment, John confided the secret to a friend, who eventually gave both brothers away to the detectives. Both the Griffins, fully and fairly convicted of the robbery, have just been sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary at Huntsville.

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